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**A Computer Rates Pro Football's Top Quarterbacks!**

# SCORE

**THE NEW INSIDE SPORTS MAGAZINE** /JULY/50¢

## THE SWINGING LIFE OF TONY CONIGLIARO

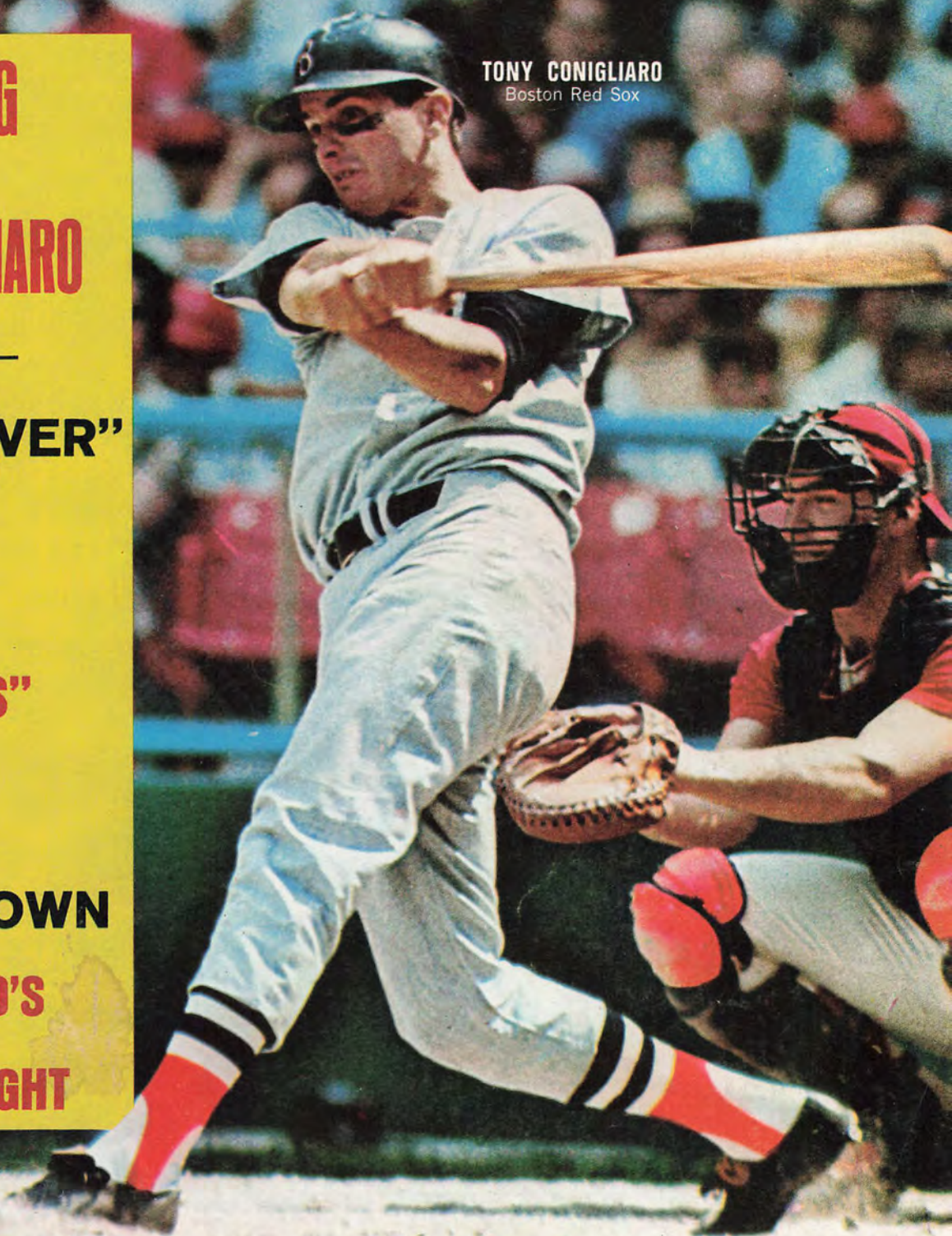
Mario Andretti—  
"DEATH IS  
MY CO-DRIVER"  
Agony of the Indy 500

Joe Torre:  
"BASEBALL  
OWNERS  
ARE RUTHLESS"

THE JINX  
BEHIND  
RACING'S  
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BRIAN PICCOLO'S  
LONGEST  
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TONY CONIGLIARO  
Boston Red Sox





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# OWNER-MANAGERS WANTED



## WHAT OWNER-MANAGERS SAY ABOUT DURACLEAN

The big earnings reported here might well be called "exceptional." Yet, in another way there is nothing exceptional about them. That's because any man who is willing to work and who will follow instructions should be able to do as well under similar conditions.

**\$17,660 Increase** Owner-Manager Davis says in a letter, "Gross income \$17,660 this year." Many Duraclean men report even greater business expansion.

**Averages \$1,000 a Month.** And, Ron Bonomo, who started in spare time says business in sight will bring \$1,500 a month this year.

**\$1,602 Profit on One Job.** G. Byers tells about doing a job for a local institution. He says, "My charge for the one job was \$2,416.00. Total expenses, \$814.00." This left Mr. Byers a gross profit of \$1,602.00.

**\$361.00 for Ten Hours.** A. J. Belhumeur wrote: "My service man and I cleaned an entire office building in a little over 10 hours. This job brought me \$361.00."

**Grossed \$2012.00 One Month.** Wilmer Suders of N.C. says: "My biggest single job amounted to \$752.00 and in one month I have grossed as high as \$2012.00."

Our files are filled with letters from Owner-Managers. We will gladly show them to anyone who comes to our office and is sincerely interested in becoming Owner-Manager of a local Duraclean business.

## HOW AN OWNER MANAGER CAN SELL HIS DURACLEAN BUSINESS AT A BIG PROFIT

If a Duraclean Owner-Manager should be forced to give up his business on account of illness—or if he should wish to move to another town or sell for any other reason—we help him find a buyer. Here are some examples of how this service works.

An arm injury made it necessary for Al Svitak to sell after he had been in business for only 17 months. He sold to a prospect we found for him and Mr. Svitak collected 50% more than his original investment.

G. F. Monroe, after 12 months, sold his business for 10 times his cost.

Leo Lubel after 30 months, sold for \$7,116.00 over cost.

In the few instances where an Owner-Manager wants to sell, our job is to help him find a buyer.

Can you think of any other kind of business that offers this kind of service? As far as I know, Duraclean is one of the few companies that does.

*We are looking for the kind of man who can set up a Duraclean business in his locality and then train other men to do the actual work in the field*

**As Owner-Manager you would line up the jobs, write up the orders, assign the work, handle the bookkeeping, banking and other office operations. Free 24 page book gives full particulars.**

*By Ford Marsh*

If you are like most ambitious men, you have often looked forward to the day when you would be the owner of a profitable business. Two obstacles prevent most men from seeing such dreams come true—lack of capital and lack of experience.

Does this situation apply to you? If so, I'd like to explain how you can become the Owner-Manager of a Duraclean Business in your locality—starting with only a few hundred dollars capital and without the need for any experience in our kind of business.

I will show you how to start as a "one man" business and then build an organization with from two to five men or more working for you. The profit possibilities of such a business are almost beyond belief. As a one man operation you can expect to gross \$9.00 an hour for every hour you give to servicing your customers. As an Owner-Manager, you can gross \$6.00 an hour on every hour your employees work—after paying for materials and a good hourly wage. For example, one Owner-Manager, Ed Kramers, has this to say "In my second year I now have two assistants, a new home and security for my family." Michael Lyons, another Owner-Manager wrote, "First year, \$40,000 gross income."

The Duraclean home service business has been tried and tested. The market for Duraclean Service is tremendous—and growing faster than we can appoint and train new men. The methods that lead to success have been clearly charted. When an ambitious man follows these methods, success is the logical result.

Some Franchise businesses require investments as high as \$50,000. With ours, you can get started for less than \$1000 and we finance the balance. Monthly payments are so small that the profits on less than one day's service can cover your payment for the entire month. Even with this

small investment and operating as a one man business, your potential is \$250.00 net profit in a week. With two men rendering all of your service for you 35 hours a week, you should gross a profit of \$420.00. Allowing for advertising and incidentals, a normal net would be \$336.00.

The most important part of Duraclean home service is cleaning rugs, carpets and upholstered furniture by a revolutionary modern process known as the "Absorption Method." You or your men do the work right in the customer's premises. No harsh scrubbing with motor-driven brushes. No soaking. Instead, an aerated foam loosens the dirt and holds it in suspension until removed. A test conducted by an impartial laboratory showed that the modern Absorption Method removed twice as much dirt as was removed by old fashioned machine scrubbing.

If you are tired of working for others or of jumping from one proposition to another—if you have a real yearning for independence in a business of your own—then send for "The Duraclean Route to Success." There is no obligation—no charge. No salesmen will call to high pressure you. Send for the book now. Read it. Then if you want to take the next step toward independence, you can write to me and let me give you the same help I've given so many other ambitious men.

*Ford Marsh*  
President

**DURACLEAN COMPANY**  
O-5P6 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

### DURACLEAN COMPANY

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Dear Mr. Marsh: Please mail a copy of your Free Book that tells how I can become a Duraclean Owner-Manager in my locality. No charge. No obligation. And no salesman is to call on me.

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# SCORE

THE NEW INSIDE SPORTS MAGAZINE

/ JULY /

Vol. 1

No. 3

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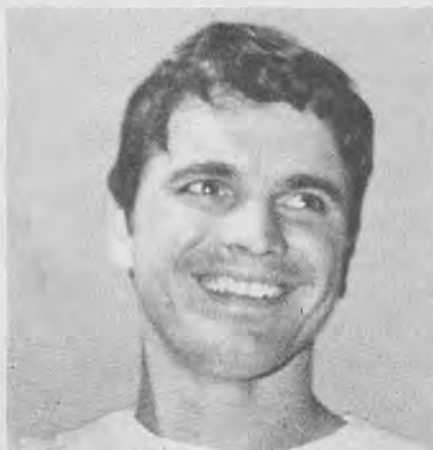
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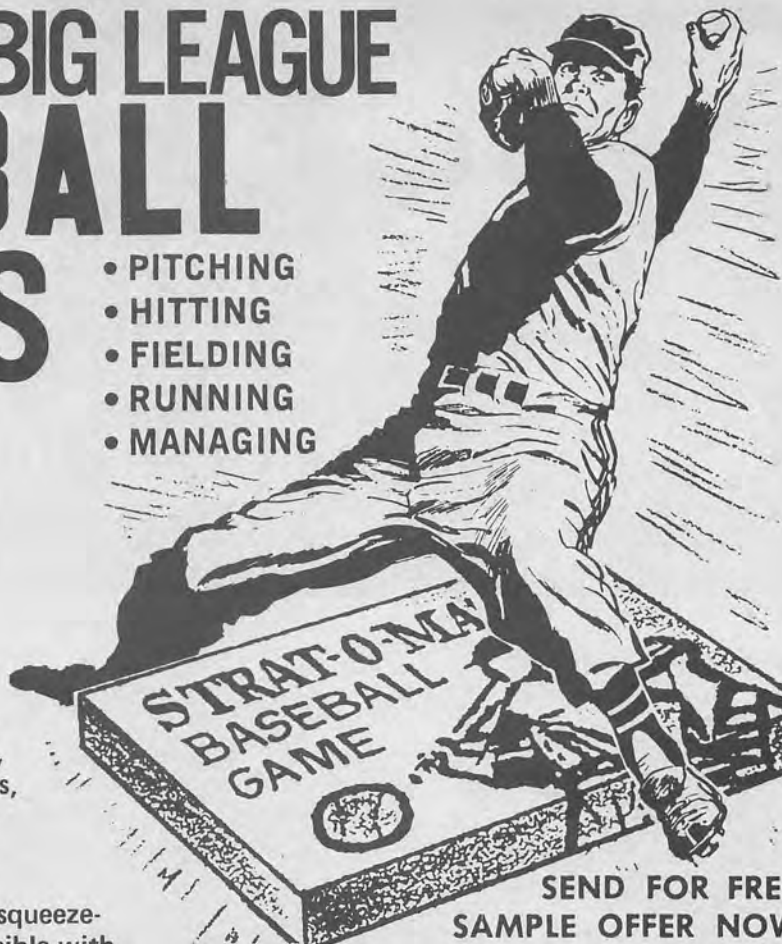
You, the manager, not only decide lineups, insert pinch-hitters, pinch-runners, and relief pitchers, play your infield "in or deep," and make defensive changes at any time, but also call for the sacrifice, steal, hit-and-run, and squeeze-play. All strategy moves are possible with STRAT-O-MATIC.

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For example, in batting Reggie Jackson will be among the leaders in both home runs and strikeouts. Matty Alou will be among your

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- HITTING
- FIELDING
- RUNNING
- MANAGING



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batting average leaders, but will hit fewer home runs than the average ballplayer.

In pitching, Fergie Jenkins will display good control, be difficult to hit, but will yield more "gopher balls" than most major league pitchers.

In fielding, Curt Flood will make catches which other outfielders would fail to make. Brooks Robinson will make fewer errors and take away more would-be base hits than other third basemen. In base running, and stealing also, all players will perform realistically.

The above are just some of STRAT-O-MATIC's highlights. For the entire story, mail coupon for a colorful FREE BROCHURE containing full detailed information and FREE STRAT-O-MATIC SAMPLES. Don't delay. Write today!



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# THE SCORE-BOARD

by Milton Gross

## NIGHT GAMES ARE A JOKE, SUN

ERNIE BANKS (with his father)







NIGHT BASEBALL (in Oakland's Alameda County Coliseum)

Ernie Banks bounced through the doorway in the left field brick wall at Wrigley Field, Chicago, which leads from the Cubs' dressing room. He looked up at the blue sky, clouds drifting past like little white puffs of cotton candy, and his lips split into a broad smile.

"What a wonderful day for baseball at beautiful Wrigley Field," he chirped.

Banks always chirps. Banks always bounces. It is always a beautiful day for Ernie Banks, who has spent his entire big-league career playing for an owner who firmly believes that nights may be for many things, but days are made for playing baseball.

"I still believe, more firmly than ever, that baseball is a daylight game. I have no intention of installing lights at Wrig-

ley Field, either now or in the foreseeable future," says Cubs' boss Phillip K. Wrigley, the chewing gum king.

Good for old P.K. Double your pleasure, double your fun, even if you don't double your profit. Wrigley didn't have that particular problem last season, although his club faded in the stretch before the surge of the improbable Mets and blew the National League's Eastern Division crown. P.K.'s Cubs showed a profit of almost a million bucks—\$909,099 to be exact.

"It isn't night baseball that produced that," says the Chicago owner, "but winning baseball."

Wrigley is an anachronism. He may be the only big-league owner who can still

*continued on page 10*

#### PHILLIP K. WRIGLEY



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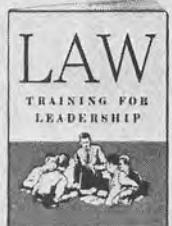
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Meet my pupil, Irvin Kozewski, age 46. He has a 48" chest, 30" waist, weighs 190 pounds. He's won more than 50 trophies for "Most Muscular Waist," in various "Mr. America" contests. Says Irvin, "You wouldn't think that a guy like me could wear the SLIM-GARD, but I do. Every day if possible. It keeps my waist and middle trim and muscular while I wear it. I swear by it. You chubby guys will, too!"

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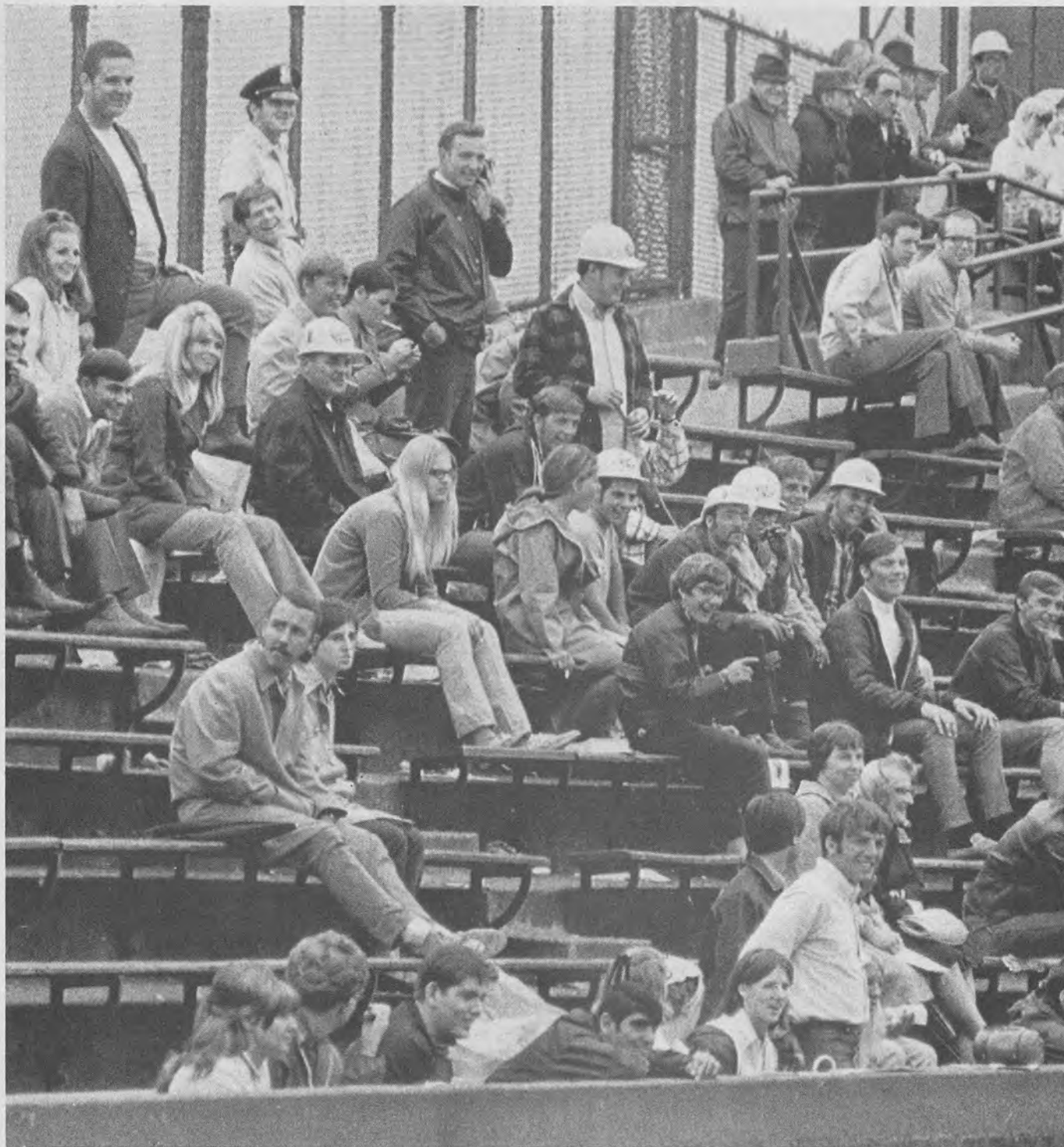
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## CHICAGO'S BLEACHER BUMS

*continued from page 7*

afford the luxury of a daytime game in daylight hours. But, if P.K. remains a curiosity, his baseball brethren have become object lessons in cupidity, greed and stupidity. For them, baseball has long stopped being a game whose charm is reflected in a box score. For them it is nothing but a business which must be recorded on a balance sheet.

Consider the National League this season. There are 602 night games listed in the official schedule. The Astros play 65, the Braves, Dodgers and Padres 63, the Reds 60, the Expos 59, the Phillies 58,

the Cards 57 and the Pirates 53. Only the Mets with 35 and the Giants with 26 will play fewer than 50 arc light contests. In effect, the lords of baseball have virtually banished the sun from their universe.

Some would call this progress—along with domed stadia, synthetic infields and computerized scouting—but don't suggest that to any player, who once enjoyed the regularity of day ball and now suffers the rigors of cross-country travel, two-night double headers, day games after night games, irregular sleep patterns and mixed-up metabolism. It is no coincidence, then, that Banks is as chipper and enthusiastic about his profession at age

39 as he was at 22.

"You wake up in the morning and you can't wait to get to the ball park," says Ernie. "You see your children going off to school and they see you coming back from work. You have the opportunity to have dinner with your family and live a normal social life. Fellows with clubs that are always playing night ball tell me it's like being reborn to know that your home half of the schedule is going to be played in the daytime. I wouldn't be around today if there had been lights in beautiful Wrigley Field."

This is one consideration. There are others. Long ago, Frank Lane, general

manager for several major league teams and presently a scouting executive with the Baltimore Orioles, put his finger on (or into) one of the hazards of altering baseball's natural process:

"The trouble with most owners is that they see the doughnut, but they don't see the hole in it."


What Lane meant was that night baseball would attract the fans when it was first instituted. But that those fans were adults, who could get home from a night game at 1 A.M. and still go to work the next day. Some might even take their children occasionally. Since these children were the fans of the future, who would eventually become parents and inculcate a love for the game in their children, it was all very healthy. But parents stopped taking their kids to the ball park when almost every game was played at night.

If those kids are today's fans, they are only fans who attend games in person and pay their way into the park now and then. Mostly they are TV fans who only recognize the players as shadows on the screen. Forget about the 15,094,946 attendance record set in the National League last season. Divisional play, the increase in teams from 10 to 12, the Mets' impossible dream, the zeal of the Bleacher Bums in Chicago were responsible. In some NL cities, attendance was quite poor. Who is to say that more customers wouldn't have paid their way through the turnstiles if they could lounge in the bleacher sun, munch peanuts and hot dogs and wave their signs around in daylight?

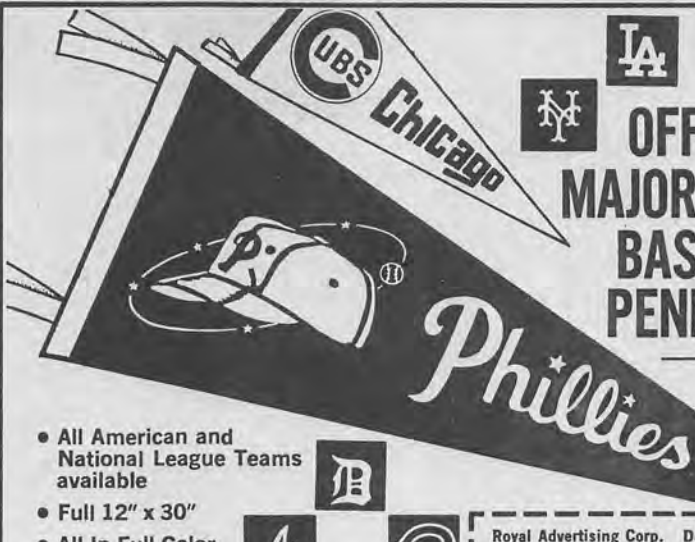
It was Larry MacPhail, a man of many facets, who began the madness when he installed lights at Cincinnati's Crosley Field and pulled the switch for the first official major league night game on May 24, 1935. MacPhail did it to save the Reds, who were deeply in the red, from going under. He had to fight the other moguls to get permission, but he never intended that baseball become a nocturnal pastime.

When he came to Brooklyn, he had to shoot the Dodgers with an electric charge. The first night game at Ebbets Field produced Johnny Vander Meer's second consecutive no-hitter in 1938. (I was there that night and witnessed one of the most exciting events ever in baseball.) MacPhail's plan, however, was for only one night game with each visiting club, or seven a season.

Sure, it made money—which is the shame of it all—but then Washington's Clark Griffith saw gold reflected in the lights, turned off the glow of the sun and plunged the national pastime into darkness. It has never been the same since. It will never be the same again. Baseball may be richer for it, but nobody can convince me it is nearly as good or as pleasurable. ▲



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by Milton Gross



# THE SWINGING LIFE OF TONY CONIGLIARO

**T**he bitter tea of Tony Conigliaro had suddenly sweetened. For a guy who had been virtually blind in one eye, life had once again become a ball. Tony C was swinging his bat at it and there was the soul-satisfying crack of a line drive. Or maybe it was more like slamming your hand down on the bar and proclaiming, "Bartender, set them up for the house." Everything was falling in, as though the ball had eyes and kept dropping where no fielder's glove could reach it.

"Baby," said Tony, "you know what it is to see? You know how deep inside you it goes when you get up to that plate and you don't have to be afraid. That dish is there and you can guard it and take your cut the way it should be done, and not have to worry that it's all over almost before it started."

It's like . . . well, like the handsome, black-haired Red Sox bachelor standing up on the stage and behind him is his group, "The All

**There was no way to console the young Red Sox star after a beaming incident apparently put an end to his big-league career. Even his family was unable to find words to make all that was wrong seem right again. In fact, it was to take a near miracle to do that**

Night Workers," and Tony is bouncing with the beat as he belts out "Can't Take My Eyes Off You."

It's like Tony getting the cross hairs of his rifle sight on a wild-running Barbary sheep, squeezing the trigger and bringing it down with one shot in the mountains of Roswell, N.M., during the filming of an outdoor TV show.

Conigliaro had the head mounted and hung on his wall.

The trophy cost him \$95, but that's a small price to pay when you come out of the experience knowing that if you can hit a moving target at 150 yards, you might also be able to hit a moving baseball at 60 feet, six inches.

Tony was always a mover, a kid who made it big in a hurry. The girls would be waiting at the Jersey Street gate when he came into Fenway Park and they'd start squealing just at the sight of him; they'd screech and scream when he came to bat. Then, of course, there was that story about him dating Mamie Van



Conigliaro relaxes at his Brookline, Mass., home with his favorite .458 Browning Magnum big-game rifle. The head on the wall is real.





On August 18, 1967, Tony was felled by a fastball thrown by Angels' righty Jack Hamilton. The blow hospitalized him for a week and left him totally blind for 48 hours.

Doren, but there was Bo Belinsky before and Joe Namath later and Bo and Joe together don't come to one Tony C. The head of that Barbary sheep had to look better to him than any head he had ever squired, because it signified that Tony was back and "Conig's Corner" was alive all over again.

It wasn't too long before, that the 25-year-old outfielder lay in the darkness and wondered if he'd ever swing again. The beaning could have cost him his life. It could, at least, have cost him his career and for so long it seemed that it would. But last season Tony staged his "Come-back of the Year" and got the Fred Hutchinson Award for it—which was the most satisfying trophy of them all.

"Man," he says, "it's like a miracle. Maybe it is a miracle. I don't know. I don't care. I'm only thankful."

"I can't explain what happened," said Dr. Charles Regan, a specialist at the Retina Foundation of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Hospital. "Tony just got well. I've never seen it happen before."

"Somebody," said another doctor at the clinic, "must have said some novenas for Conigliaro."

It reminded one listener of the old joke about the guy who stole compulsively, but would only heist wood. The sight of a door or a toothpick or a two-by-four or a barrel was enough to set him off. In desperation, he went to a priest and pleaded for help.

"Do you know how to make a novena?" the priest asked.

"Father," replied the troubled kleptomaniac, "if you got the plans, I got the lumber."

Tony had the plans, but he didn't know what to do with the lumber after being hit on the left temple with a pitch thrown by the Angels' Jack Hamilton on August 18, 1967. If you can't see you can't play, and Conigliaro not only



With Tony C whole and healthy again, the Bosox probably have the best outfield in baseball—Carl Yastrzemski, Reggie Smith and Conig.

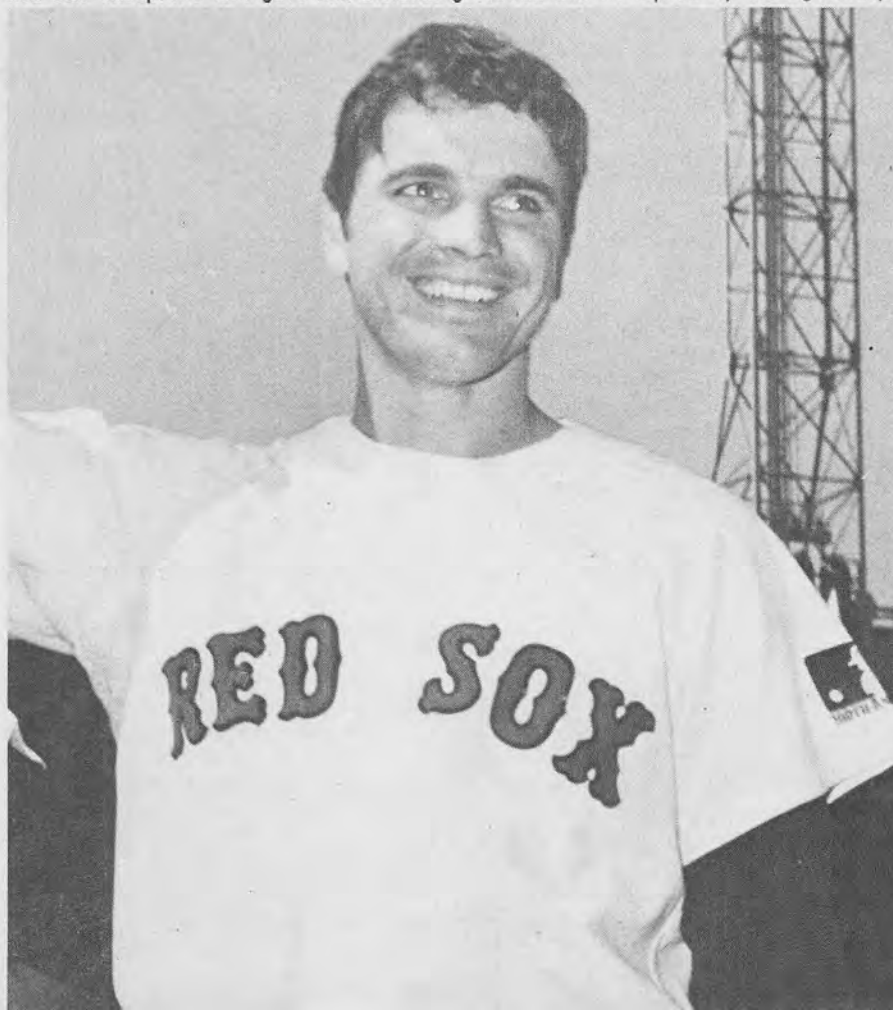
couldn't see, he didn't know what his future held. He knows now after smashing 20 home runs, driving in 82 runs and hitting .255 last season, following 10 months away from big-league pitching.

To be sure, they were the lowest totals Conigliaro had ever achieved in any of the important hitting categories. He is a young man who had walloped 104 home runs in three and a piece seasons with the Red Sox. In his first campaign in the bigs, he had 24 home runs after only one year of organized baseball. At the age of 20, he led the American League with 32 round-trippers. He had 20 the season the Bosox won the flag, yet he saw it all through a haze after being released from the hospital.

At that, he was lucky. The force of the blow hospitalized him for seven days, which was the least of it. He was totally blind for 48 hours. For six days his left eye was shut like a door inside a darkened room. His cheekbone was fractured in three places. The force of the ball caroming off his temple dislocated his jaw. When he rejoined the club at the end of the '67 season, looking at things as though the world were a blob, he carried the horrible recollection of what it was like just before he was beamed . . . the blessed relief of the momentary period of unconsciousness and then the aftermath, which was a terror-filled nightmare for so long.

"I tried to flip out of the way," recalls

April 14, 1969, was a big day in Boston's Fenway Park. That's when Tony returned to the Red Sox' lineup. The fans gave him a standing ovation and he replied by waving his cap.







The man who had led the American League in homers at the age of 20 slammed only 20 round-trippers in 1969, but he's on his way back.

Tony, making the motion of throwing his body away from the plate, "but the pitch came right at me. That ball completely chased me. When I came to, there was this terrible ringing in my ears as though a sharp whistle was blowing into them and . . ." He stopped a moment. "I couldn't see."

It was a long time before Conigliaro, who had 20/15 vision prior to the accident, even *thought* he could see. Soon after the baseball season, for instance, he vacationed at Grossinger's in Liberty, N.Y., where he immediately became a favorite with the females in the lounge of the famed resort hotel. Tony wasn't pleased with himself, however. One afternoon he went up to the basketball court, just off the swimming pool, which is a kind of boy-meets-girl shopping area. Around the pool Tony C was a dream. On the court he was a nightmare.

"I couldn't hit the damned rim," he later told Lou Goldstein, a close friend and the resort's director of outdoor activities. "I couldn't see it at all."

During the "long, slow winter," as Conigliaro describes it, there was a period when his father, Sal, would hold a baseball at eye level and walk toward Tony to determine at what distance his son would begin to see the ball. Following that, Conig worked out three days a week in the Harvard batting cage, with

Millionaire owner Tom Yawkey, seen here with slugger Yastrzemski, came to Tony's bedside and held his hand as the outfielder lay critically injured in Boston's Santa Maria Hospital.



teammate Darrell Brandon pitching to him at half-speed.

Then it was on to spring training at Winter Haven, Fla., where the rest of the Red Sox watched closely to determine if he was going to be gun-shy.

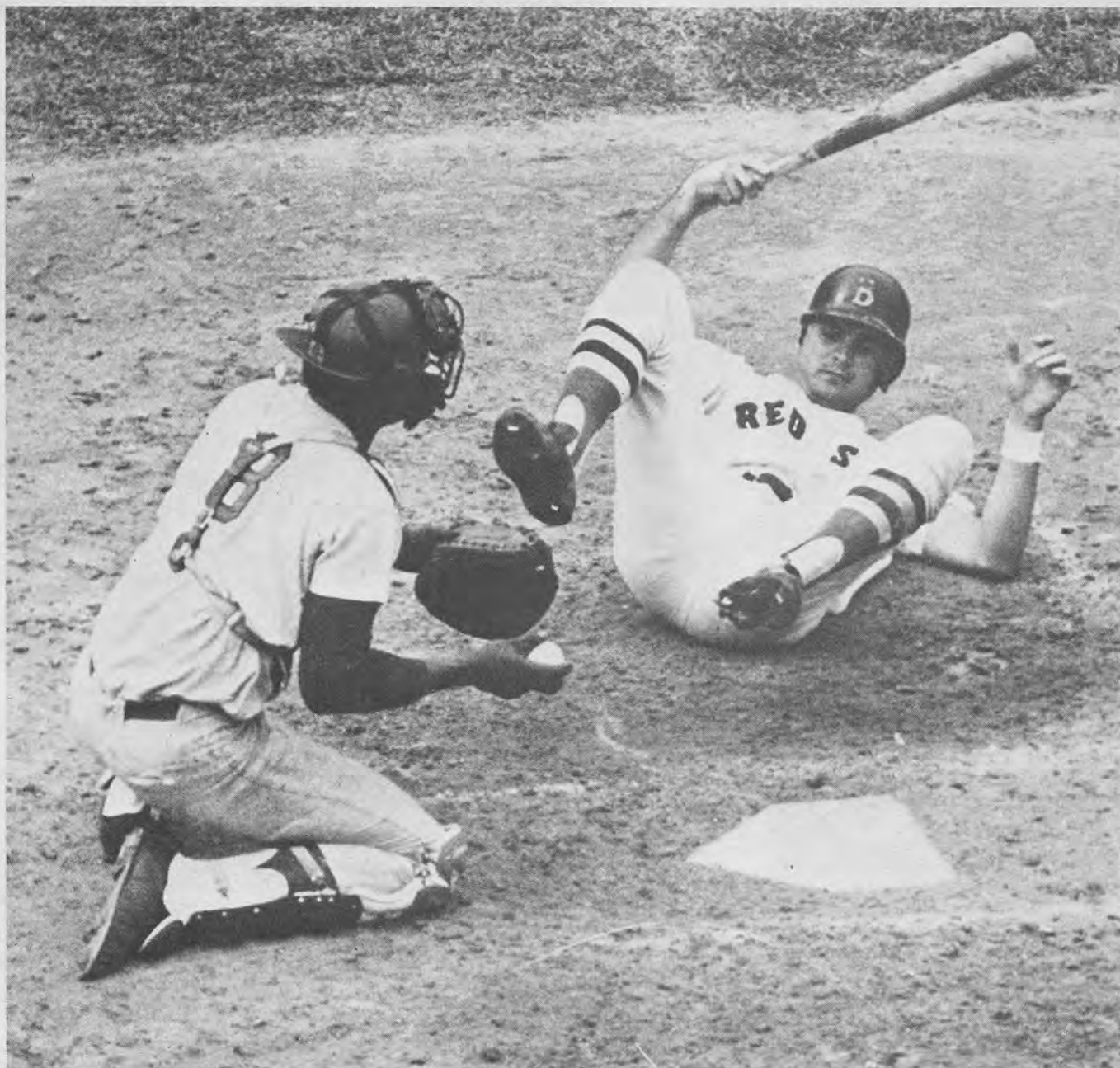
"My vision's still not normal," he said at the time, "but it's no longer blurred. I have trouble on bright days. I have to squint to see the pitch."

This was only one part of the question. The larger part, in many minds, was whether Tony would flinch when a pitch was thrown high and tight.

"They're going to test me," he admitted, "I know it. But because of it, I'll be more alert at the plate. If something's headed towards me, I won't take my time getting out of the way. Yet at the same time I'll be concentrating more on the baseball and that should help."

"Of course they'll throw at him when the season starts," said Dick Williams, then the Red Sox manager. "Maybe they'll even do it down here, but I don't think it will bother him. He's had broken bones and he's bounced back."

"A broken bone heals and you're all



Conigliaro knew that rival pitchers would brush him back last year. He now wears a helmet flap and stands further away from the plate.

set," offered teammate Carl Yastrzemski, "but what happened to Tony is mental. It's a little tougher. I talked to Ron Santo (of the Cubs) and he told me it took him some time to come around after he was beamed. We'll have to wait and see when the season opens."

They didn't have to wait that long. The fog had lifted, so to speak, but behind Tony's left eye something else was happening. Scar tissue covered the original wound, but when a cyst formed on the tissue and the growth subsequently broke, the fluid from it accumulated behind the retina.

Conigliaro couldn't have known it. All he did know was that something had gone wrong again and he couldn't see properly. He'd swing at a pitch, but the ball would pass a foot below his bat. In 12 of his 14 trips to the plate, he struck out. One day he fanned four times. An-

other time, against the Senators at Pompano Beach, he fanned three times and realized he'd had it.

"He left the game, went to the clubhouse and damned near tore it up," says Bill Crowley, the Red Sox public relations director. "He went right from Pompano to Miami, and then flew directly to Boston to see the doctors."

"You can't blame a 23-year-old kid who doesn't know what's happened to him and finds out he can't see," says trainer Buddy LaRoux, who witnessed Tony's dressing room outburst.

The heat of emotion turned into cold fear after the doctors examined Conigliaro and told him he was through. They found a hole in the retina that robbed him of depth perception. His 20/15 vision in the eye had retrogressed to 20/300. To all intents and purposes, he was legally blind in that eye.

There was no way to console him. Tony wept at home in Swampscott, Mass. His mother, Teresa, pappa Sal and his brothers couldn't find the words to make all that was wrong seem right again. Late in the summer, he spent some more time at Grossinger's. He talked about opening a bar if he could get a liquor license. He talked about a singing career. He talked about coming back. But in his own mind there had to be doubt.

It was August by then, and Conig had suggested to Goldstein that he'd like to try pitching. Goldstein said the hotel would build a regulation mound on its baseball field, which gives you an idea of what Tony thought about his chances of returning to Boston as an outfielder. When the winter league began, he played for a Red Sox team as a pitcher, which he'd been in high school.

*continued on page 74*  
17





LEN DAWSON

**Namath  
Gabriel  
Dawson  
Jurgensen  
Lamonica  
Kapp  
Tarkenton...**

# **A COMPUTER RATES PRO FOOTBALL'S TOP QUARTERBACKS!**

**W**ho would you say was the best passing quarterback in all of pro football last season? Joe Namath? Nope. Roman Gabriel? Try again. Len Dawson? Sorry, one more chance. Joe Kapp? An also-ran. Would you believe that the No. 1 man was—drum roll, please—rookie Greg Cook of the Cincinnati Bengals?

That, at least, is the opinion of Bud Goode, a Los Angeles computer scientist who studies such things and took a special look at the quarterbacks for SCORE.

Goode is a sports enthusiast, age 47. Born in Glendale, Cal., and reared in Los Angeles, he originally wanted to coach or teach physical education. But he drifted into psychology and earned Bachelor's and Master's degrees in the field from Occidental, then did graduate work in Psychological Measurements at the University of Southern California.

He later went into Hollywood public relations—his No. 1 client is Art Linkletter—and began to experiment with computer measurements of sports performances a few years ago.

"I studied human behavior," he says. "Sports is a form of human behavior and, because of the extensive statistics kept, is ideal for

**by  
Bill Libby**

the variety of measurements I make."

Goode's ratings are produced by one of computerdom's most respected names—UNIVAC. He feeds statistics from a UNIVAC 1004 remote input station in Los Angeles to a UNIVAC 1108 computer in the Phoenix Information Services center and is returned material, often within 10 seconds, from which he draws some striking conclusions.

Goode feels the key factor in judging quarterbacks is their average yards gained per attempt. This correlates most closely to points scored and eventual success. Total yards gained passing is comparatively unimportant. A quarterback's skill in avoiding interceptions, avoiding being tackled for losses, and his ability to control the ball by completing a high percentage of his tosses are all vital in evaluating individual effectiveness.

Goode also measured each quarterback's ability to run with the ball, which he finds to be of increasing importance. His studies lead him to believe that the deep drop, the running quarterback, the moving pocket are all becoming essential to the success of pro teams and that, because of the danger of injury, clubs are going more and more to big quarterbacks.

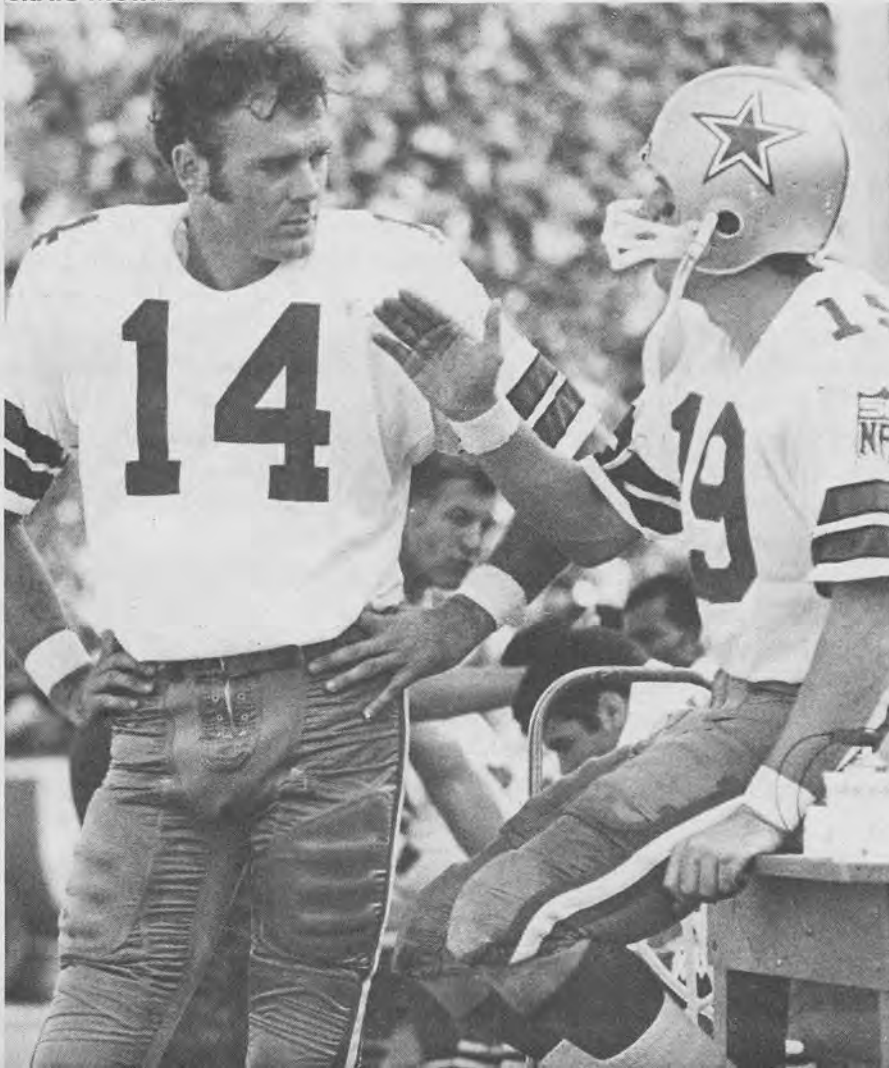
**Computer scientist Bud Goode  
and a UNIVAC 1108 teamed up for some  
startling conclusions on pro QB's**





The 47-year-old Goode originally wanted to coach or teach physical education. But he got into psychology, earning Bachelor's and Master's from Occidental and then studying at USC.

#### CRAIG MORTON



GREG COOK

"A small fellow like Len Dawson can overcome this," he notes, "but many of the quarterbacks on the top teams today are large, strong fellows, like Greg Cook, Craig Morton, Roman Gabriel and Joe Kapp. I think the time is not far off when 6-5, 240-pound quarterbacks will be the norm."

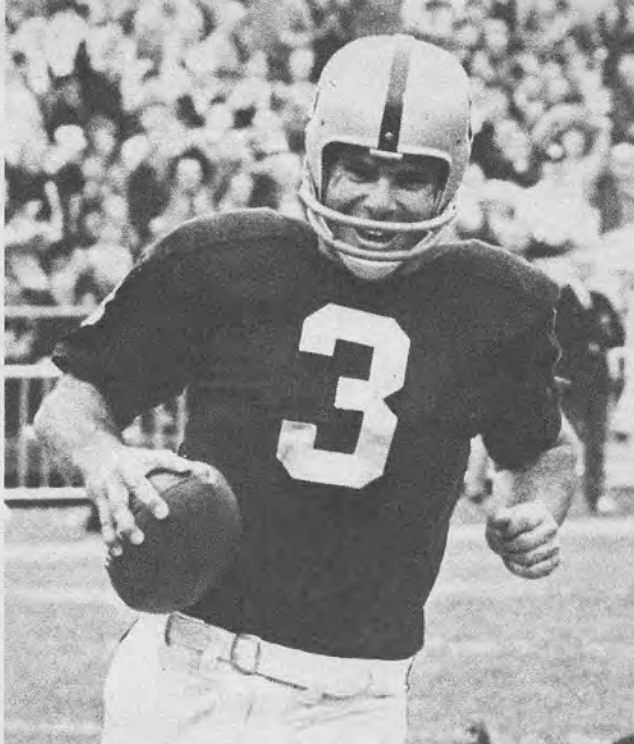
In evaluating the signal-callers for 1969, Goode weighed the quality of their supporting casts. A passer and a receiver are dependent on each other as, too, they are dependent on the offensive and defensive play of the men around them or against them.

"In some publicity, quarterbacks were given all the credit or all the blame when their teams won or lost. While they are the single most important players on most teams, they cannot always hold a good team back or overcome inadequate support," he says.

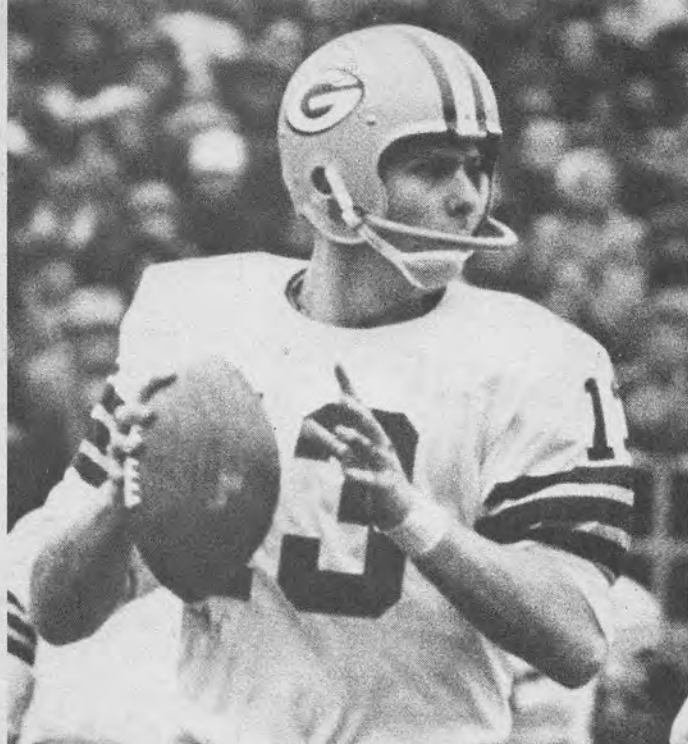
Despite the fact that he was a rookie saddled with mediocre support, Greg Cook of Cincinnati came out much the most effective passer in pro football in 1969, according to Goode's calculations. Then came Craig Morton of Dallas, Len Dawson of Kansas City, Bart Starr and Don Horn of Green Bay, Bill Nelsen of Cleveland, Daryle Lamonica of Oakland, Sonny Jurgensen of Washington and Roman Gabriel of Los Angeles.

Goode emphasized that wafer-thin margins separated most of those behind Cook. In fact, he could not separate Joe Kapp of Minnesota, Joe Namath of New York, Johnny Unitas of Baltimore and Mike Livingston of Kansas City with sufficient definition to avoid lumping them as a unit.

Additionally, he noted that John Brodie of San Francisco, Fran Tarkenton of



**DARYLE LAMONICA**



**DON HORN**

**BART STARR**

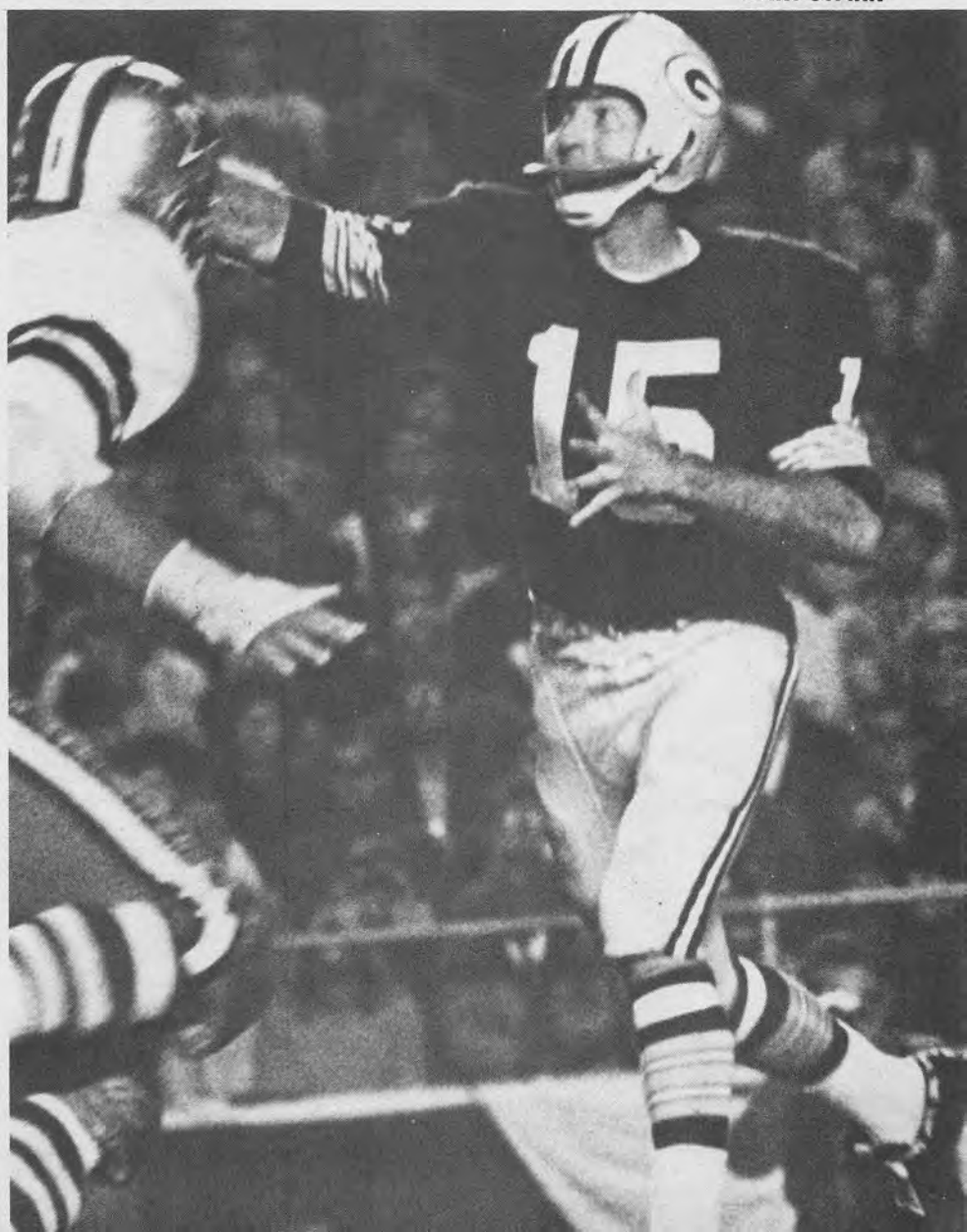
New York, John Hadl of San Diego, Steve Tensi of Denver and Charley Johnson (now of Houston) were right behind the top group. And he emphasized that the rankings were for the past season only. Such players as Earl Morrall of Baltimore and Bob Griese of Miami, who did not rank high this past year, excelled the previous season.

Conversely, the least effective quarterbacks in 1969 were Rick Norton of Miami, Bobby Douglass of Chicago, Greg Landry of Detroit and Jack Kemp of Buffalo, along with a number of others who appeared too infrequently to be properly measured. It will come as no surprise to their fans to learn that Chicago and Buffalo wound up at the bottom primarily because of their mediocre passing attacks. Detroit also disappointed Goode last year because its throwing game collapsed. He had, otherwise, measured the Lions as a team of decidedly high potential.

"During the past season," Goode commented, "Cook was amazingly effective. Without outstanding support, he averaged almost 10 yards per attempt—more than a yard and a half better than all other passers, except Craig Morton—he threw accurately, he had a low total of interceptions and he put points on the scoreboard.

"It is of no concern to me that he was a rookie. I am concerned only with the statistical aspects of his performance. In fact, with the changing patterns of the game and the changing demands being made on quarterbacks, youngsters, when given the opportunity, have been stepping in and performing as well as most veterans.

"For example, Don Horn, a youngster,







**SONNY JURGENSEN**

**BILL NELSEN**



was able to take over for veteran Bart Starr and perform almost as effectively. He should be able to replace Starr full-time before long without any reduction in efficiency of Green Bay's passing game. Morton stepped in for Don Meredith in Dallas without any decrease in efficiency of that team's air attack."

Goode found both Cook and Morton especially effective in completing "long bombs," which are crucial in evaluating a passer's performance. Horn, Starr, Dawson and Lamonica also ranked high in this regard. Gabriel ranked low here.

Starr, Gabriel, Tarkenton and Livingston were outstanding in avoiding interceptions. Lamonica, Jurgensen, Brodie, Namath, Nelsen and Unitas had their effectiveness reduced enormously by swiped passes—as did others who failed to qualify for the top group, such as Jack Kemp, Pete Beathard (now of St. Louis) and Norm Snead of Philadelphia.

It did not have a bearing on last season, but it is interesting to note that a tendency to interceptions has hurt Namath and the New York Jets in the past.

Although it was overlooked in the wake of their Super Bowl success of 1968, it has caused the Jets to flop in critical games at other times. In 1968, for example, Namath threw 10 of his 17 interceptions in contests against Denver and Buffalo, and the Jets lost them both! In fact, the Bills' only victory that season came as the result of five interceptions off Broadway Joe.

Gabriel and Kapp, with help, of course, were able to avoid being tackled more than most in 1969. And, when they

ran, they gained more ground than many rushers.

Cook, Morton, Gabriel and the two Green Bay quarterbacks were foremost among those Goode assayed as having done well despite a lack of outstanding receivers. Incidentally, he rated this past season's receivers as follows:

1. Warren Wells, Oakland
2. Don Maynard, New York
3. Roy Jefferson, Pittsburgh

Based on the figures, he sees the following quarterbacks dominating the game in the 1970's, with a parenthetical comment that the New Orleans' passing game (as engineered mainly by Bill Kilmer) seems to be developing rapidly:

1. Greg Cook, Cincinnati
2. Craig Morton, Dallas
3. Don Horn, Green Bay

It's true, too, that pro scouts rate all three quite highly, a fact that hardly surprises Goode, who claims he has a far superior forecasting average than famed Las Vegas oddsmaker Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder.

Goode's nationally syndicated column, "The Sports Computer," reaches nearly 10,000,000 readers, many of them through the *Armed Forces Press*. He has tabbed his share of pennant winners in advance, and rated the New York Mets as the "dark horse" team of the 1969 National League pennant race. He also picked Detroit and St. Louis to win the pennants and the Tigers to upset the Cardinals back in 1968.

*continued on page 74*



**BILL KILMER**

## **ROMAN GABRIEL**







# MARIO ANDRETTI



## "DEATH IS MY CO-DRIVER"

by Hubert Mizell

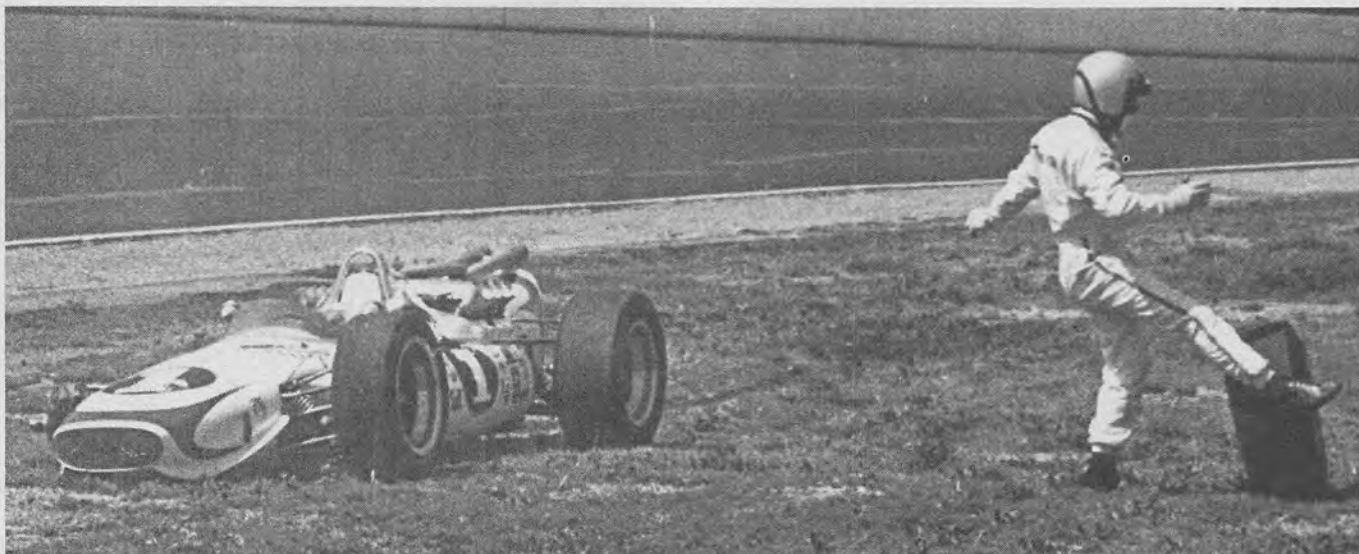
"Any driver who undertakes the challenge of Indianapolis is aware of the dangers he's facing," says this 30-year-old ace

**M**ario Andretti tenses his innards and floor-boards toward a killer turn at Indianapolis. A brick retaining wall dares the nose of his blood-red racer to come closer. Any error . . . a broken wheel . . . an oil slick . . . an errant rookie driver . . . anything unforeseen and the diminutive daredevil is dead in an instant.

Death is Andretti's co-pilot at Indy. Although he can't afford to fear the oval that has claimed 58 lives since 1909, Mario admits, "The machines get faster and faster, but that old wall hasn't softened up one bit. It's still as big and scary as the first time I laid eyes on it."

The 30-year-old Italian averaged 156.367 miles per hour in winning the 1969 Indianapolis 500 in a car





Despite having had the pole position and being the solid favorite in the 1967 Indy 500, Andretti had to quit when he lost a wheel.



Andretti, right, and Dan Gurney check things out before racing in the last Daytona Continental.

Probably the only driver in the world who can match Mario for versatility is cocky A.J. Foyt.



sculptured by Andy Granatelli. They're an unlikely looking duo nosing around "Gasoline Alley's" garage berths. Mario is handsome, black-haired, short and trim at 5-6 and 139. Andy, not much of a looker, is balding, taller and fatter at 6-0 and 275. Together, however, they ruled the auto racing world one day last May, and both hope to remain on top in the 1970 Memorial Day event.

Andretti first tried his fortunes at Indy in 1965. After an incredible third-place finish as a rookie, he began to acquire a reputation as a non-finisher. In 1966-67-68, his cars never got past the 58th lap on the 2½-mile brick track. Despite his subsequent success, however, the fears induced by Indy still haunt the man who migrated from Italy with his family only 15 years ago.

"You have to use every inch of the Indy track," he says. "If you're not ready to challenge the wall, you'd just as well stay at home. It's all in the game."

It's the other guy that kindles the worst fears in Andretti, as he streaks down Indy's straightaways at 205 miles an hour.

"When you see something on the track—oil, a hub or a tire—it's already too late," he admits. "If you see it, you'll hit it. You're doing 200 miles an hour and moving too fast to think or react."

It was Granatelli's low-slung No. 2 turbo-Ford that Mario hummed to victory last year. The No. 1 car was demolished when the Nazareth, Pa., veteran hit the retaining wall in a pre-trail run.

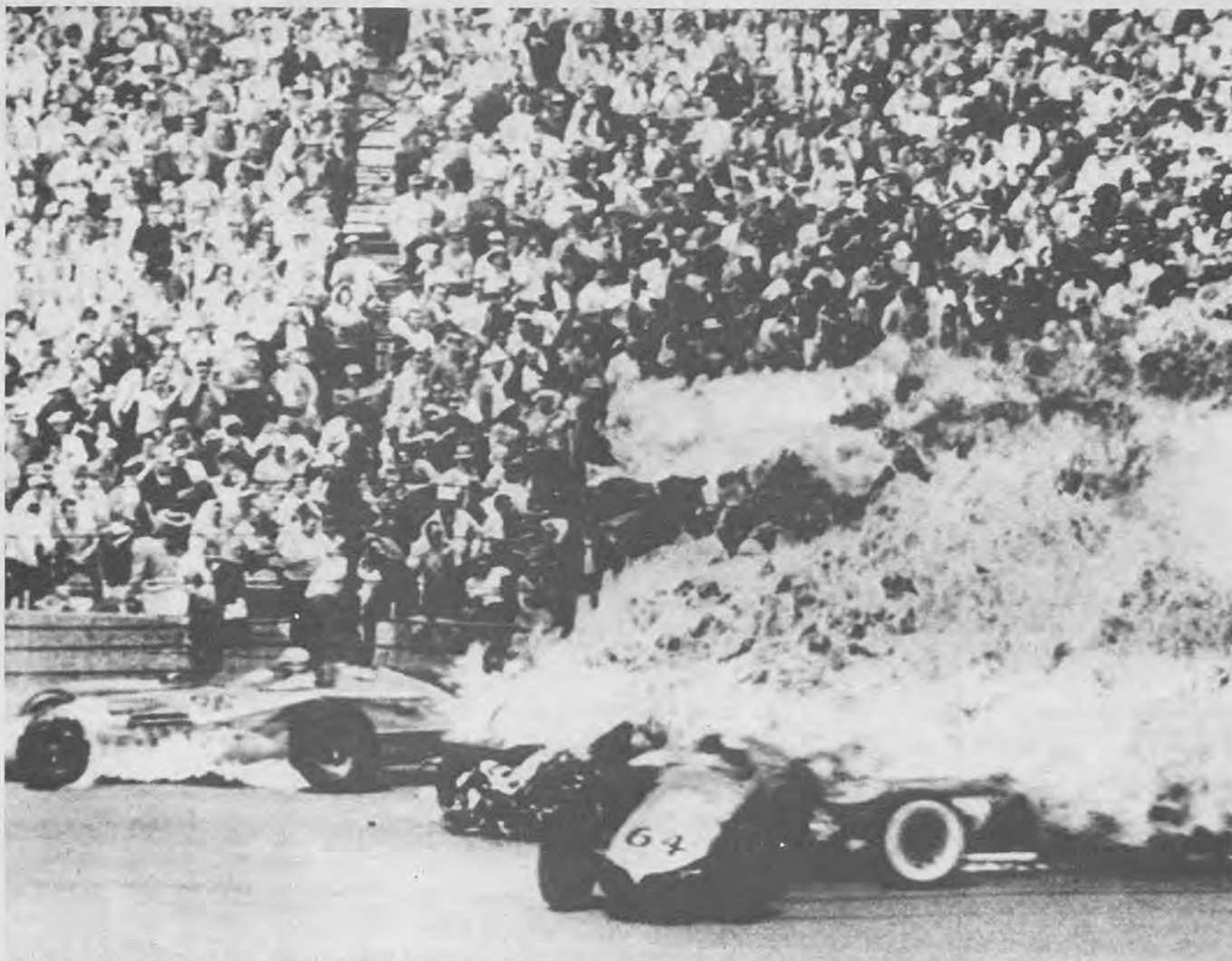
"I broke a hub and lost my right rear wheel," he recalls. "I've had my share of

scrapes, but the Good Lord has been with me so far."

Although there were no fatalities, probably the most spectacular crash in Indy history came in 1966, when 16 cars were involved in a horrible pileup in the very first turn. Men and machines twisted and flew wildly across the track, onto the infield and even into the stands.

"I was sitting on the pole and was ahead of that one," Andretti remembers, tightening his lips and shaking his head. "I thanked the Good Lord that time, too."

Andretti contends that any driver who takes on the challenge of Indianapolis



The last time the Indianapolis Motor Speedway had a fatality was in 1964, when veterans Eddie Sachs and Dave McDonald were killed.

is aware of the dangers that he's facing.

"We know when we enter the race that one mishap can end it all," he says. "It's the same way astronauts know that one boo-boo and they're gone. You just have to hope and pray that the machines are near-faultless and the men near-perfect in their judgement."

Curiously enough, Mario can really work up a case of the shakes while watching a race from the stands.

"If you have the steering wheel in your hands . . . your feet on the pedals . . . well, you have some manner of control. Just sitting and watching, you have none. You see an accident shaping up and you're helpless. I could never enjoy being a fan."

Mario watched last year as his twin brother, Aldo, competed in the minor leagues of automobile racing. Aldo Andretti drove a sprint car and Mario cheered him on. One night in Des Moines, Iowa, Aldo zipped down a straightaway and saw a three-car foul-up ahead of him too late to elude it. His racer squealed, flipped and danced sickeningly across a wire fence.

"It was awful," Mario recalls. "My brother's face was smashed in. Since then, there have been several operations

and some plastic surgery. Aldo doesn't look like he used to, but I suppose his features will get back to normal someday soon."

Aldo Andretti's racing days are probably at an end. It struck terror into the heart of even a hardened pro like Mario, but the Indy champ isn't considering giving up the sport.

"I make no projections about when I'll retire," he explains. "I'm ready for the 'big apple'—the Indianapolis 500—again. Success has instilled confidence in me. I feel I can do it, and do it better than most other drivers. I'm 30 years old and feel like I'll race as long as the desire and the confidence hold up."

Indianapolis was Mario's primary goal—until he won it. Now there's something new. He yearns to return to his native land and win the Italian Grand Prix.

"I want to win some Formula One races," he says. "I like all types of racing and I want to be the best in everything. That won't ever happen, of course, but I've got to try."

Andretti remembers the first time he walked into the garage area at Indianapolis. "I thought to myself, here you are, Mario, now what are you going to do about it?" He did things fast back in

1965; fourth in qualifying and third in the big race.

"Then bad luck ruined me for three years, until that wonderful ride last May," he says. "There's just no feeling in this world like running your car into 'Victory Lane' at Indy."

Tradition is Indy's forte. When the 33 sleek machines line up three-abreast for the start, that's tradition. So it is when speedway czar Tony Hulman shouts in a craggy voice, "Gentlemen, Start Your Engines."

The cars are hardly waist high to a man, even a small man like Mario Andretti, but when those engines suck up gasoline and roar down the starting straightaway, shivers run through the people in the steel stands. Crowd counts (for the news media) are taboo at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, but guessers say about 400,000 show up for the spectacle each Memorial Day.

Gasoline consumption has become a problem for the new, faster race cars. The 325-gallon limit will hardly last for 500 grueling miles. When so much power is required, it becomes quite a task to make engines cover 1.6 miles per gallon.

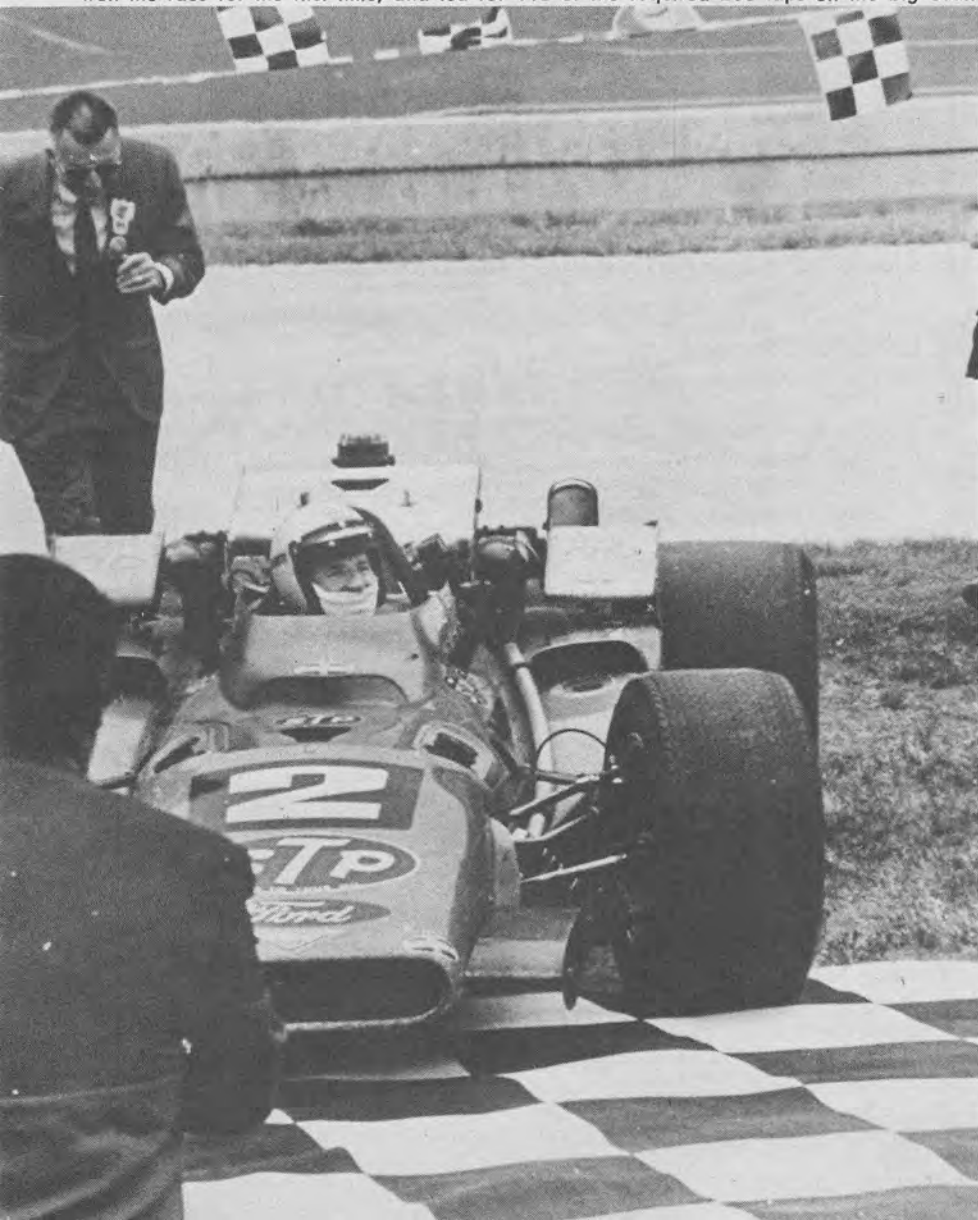
"Gasoline is one of the dangers, too," Andretti points out. "The threat of a fire





Racing wizard Andy Granatelli hovers over one of his cars like a mother hen. Mario drove a Granatelli-sculptured car to his '69 win.

After winning last year's Indy 500, Andretti rolls his vehicle into "Victory Lane." Mario won the race for the first time, and led for 113 of the required 200 laps on the big oval.



scares most drivers more than crashes. You wear fireproof suits and have the finest safety equipment, but a fire can still burn you to a crisp." As he streaked to victory in 1969, Mario's handsome face was marred by burns sustained in the practice crack-up.

Heat can also be a problem if summer sets in early on the Indiana flatlands. It was close to 90° last year, but nobody flaked out the way they did back in 1953. That year saw driver Carl Scarborough die of heat exhaustion and 31 of the 33 pilots require relief from the booming temperatures. The only two who went through unaided were the eventual winner, Bill Vukovich, and Marshall Teague. Ironically, both men were to die in subsequent crashes.

Death seldom deters a racing family. Mario roars along as fast as he ever did, despite the misfortune that befell brother Aldo. Vukovich's son, Billy, is now an Indy driver and so is Gary Bettenhausen, whose famous father, Tony, perished in a twisted wreck.

Perhaps the senior Bettenhausen revealed the definitive attitude among race drivers as he read of a speedway death a few years ago. "Well, that's one I won't have to beat at Indy next year," he said. "Tough luck." Two years later, he bought it himself.

Andretti claims that safety precautions will never wipe out all the dangers, but that new devices are saving lives almost daily during Indy preparations.

"The machines are much safer than when I first came to Indianapolis," he says. "Builders are conscious of safety. If there is a single person out of the 400,000 that come to Indianapolis who really wants to see a driver die, I would be surprised."



Owner Granatelli plants a big kiss on driver Andretti's cheek, during celebration proceedings in "Victory Lane" after the '69 race.

Although 58 men have met their end on the big oval, there hasn't been a fatality in the Indy 500 since 1964, when veterans Eddie Sachs and Dave McDonald were killed.

"Of course, you're always mindful of what can happen. But if it really bothers you, it's all over," says Mario. "It's like a baseball player who's afraid of a fastball hitting him in the head. He'll never do well. The same goes for me if I'm scared of brushing the wall at Indianapolis. You've got to challenge that race track and beat it. Give it an inch and you're in trouble."

Andretti is married and has two sons, ages 7 and 8, back home in Nazareth, Pa. His family is close-knit and quite religious, and he thinks often of his friends and relatives back in Italy.

"I was 15 when we left for America," he recalls, "old enough to have many lasting friends in the old country. That's why I want to go back and win the Italian Grand Prix. It would be a great thrill for any driver, but especially for an Italian who came back home after 15 years in America."

Andretti learned to race cars as a schoolboy in Italy. By the time he turned 13, he was handling Fiat-powered Formula Junior models. After coming to America, 15-year-old Mario soon took to stock cars and started driving in jalopy races near Nazareth, in northwest Pa.

"I won about 30 races in my first three years in America," he says. "Then I moved up to sprint cars, like the one Aldo was driving when he got hurt. From there, I went on to the midget cars."

Andretti's first moment of triumph came when he took three feature events in one day. After winning an afternoon chase at Farmington, N. J., the little guy grabbed both ends of a twin main event at Hatfield, Pa.

By 1964, the talented 24-year-old was in the big time, competing against drivers he once idolized on the USAC (United States Auto Club) circuit.

"You learn pretty quickly that they're only human and have the same problems you have," he says. "Of course, experience is always a major factor in winning—which is something I began admitting after I had some experience."

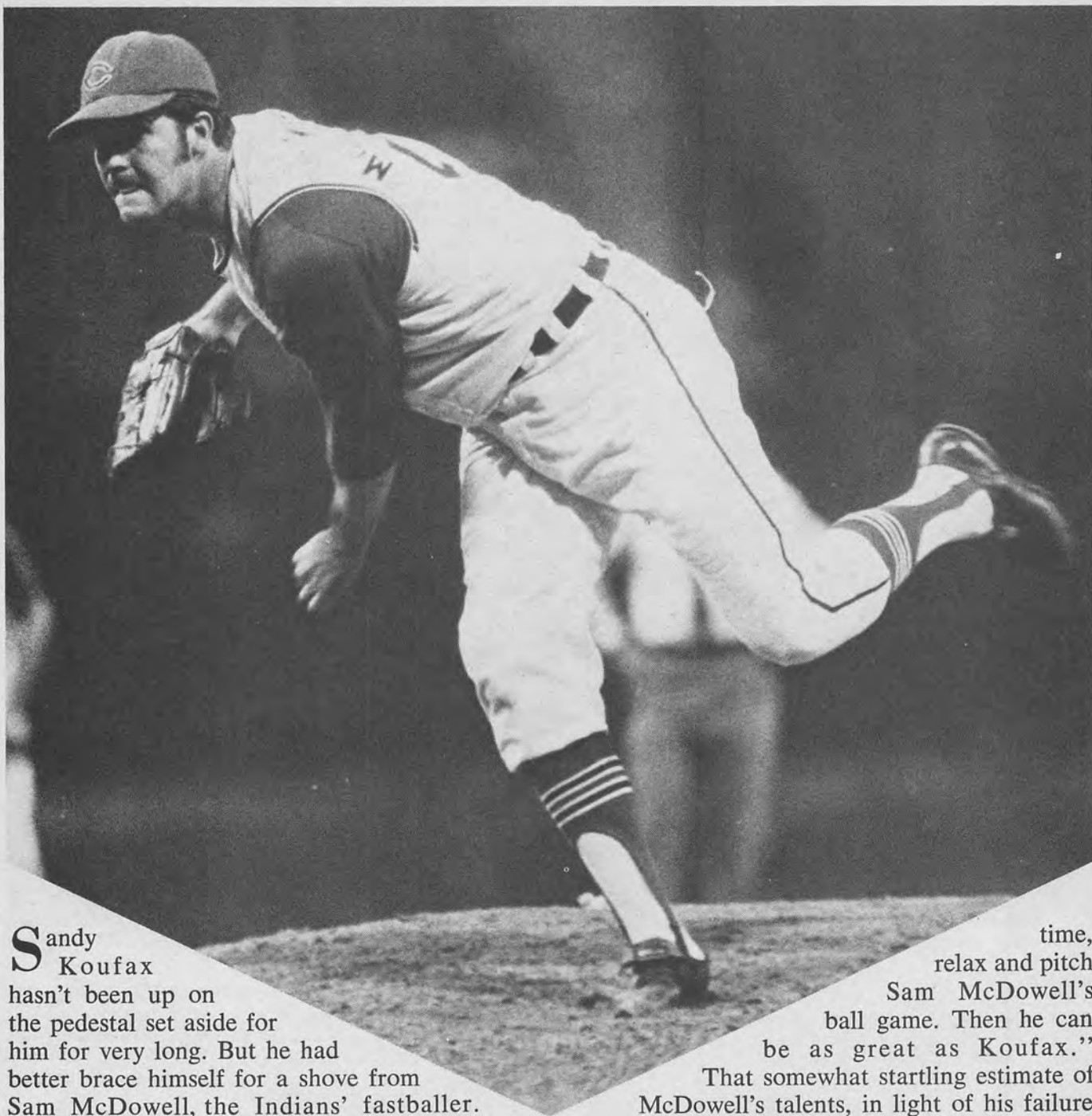
Andretti, along with three-time Indy king A. J. Foyt, is a tremendously versatile driver who can win in an Indy-type

*continued on page 76*



by Mike Rathet

# WHY McDOWELL CAN



**S**andy Koufax hasn't been up on the pedestal set aside for him for very long. But he had better brace himself for a shove from Sam McDowell, the Indians' fastballer.

That, at least, would seem to be the message from Cleveland manager Al Dark, who says with unabashed frankness that Sudden Sam the Strike-out Man is on the threshold of challenging Koufax' exalted position among baseball's great lefthanders.

"Sam McDowell could be a super-star overnight," says Dark, in a dead-serious appraisal. "All he has to do is walk out on the mound every

time, relax and pitch Sam McDowell's ball game. Then he can be as great as Koufax."

That somewhat startling estimate of McDowell's talents, in light of his failure to live up to his awesome potential after eight major league seasons, is based on two factors—a comparison of the two southpaws at the same stage of their careers, and a manager's underlying appreciation of his ace hurler.

"I have the greatest regard for Koufax," says Dark. "He was the finest lefty I ever batted against or saw. But Sam also has a chance to be one of the greatest in history because he has all

**An amazing fastball, an equally amazing string of strikeouts and a rather**

# BECOME ANOTHER KOUFAX!



the tools  
Koufax had.

"You have to remember that Sam is only 27. At a comparable age, he has already done things Koufax couldn't do. That's because he has a change-up that Sandy didn't have. When Sam realizes fully how good he is, there'll be no limit to what he can do."

There are, in checking the record books, amazingly similar aspects to the careers of Koufax and McDowell that tend to support Dark's contention.

Sandy spent six seasons with the Dodgers as a rather mediocre hurler with an amazing fast-

**mediocre won-lost log as youngsters**

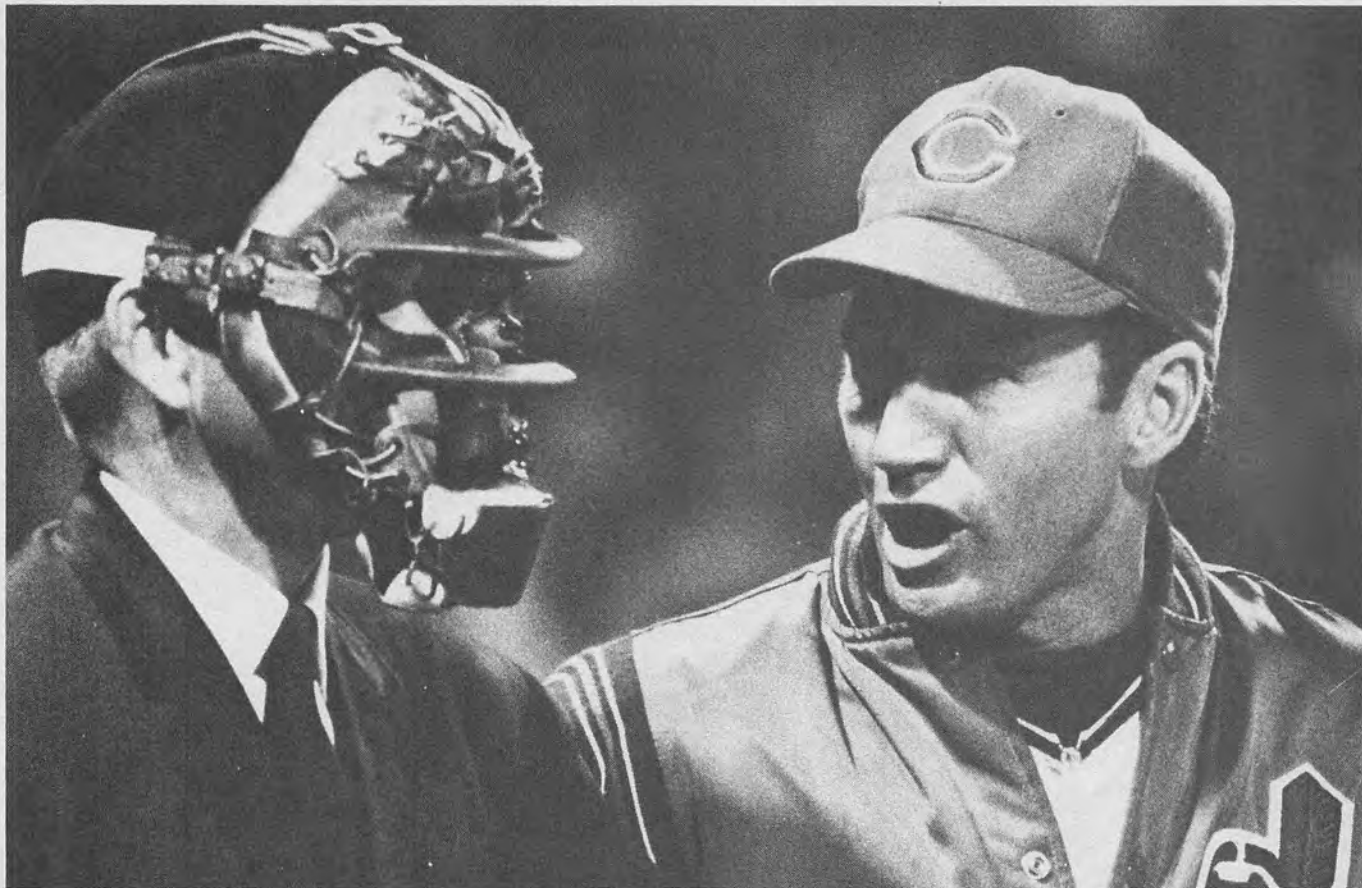
ball, an  
equally amazing  
string of strikeouts  
—and no more than 11  
victories in any year. He has  
even admitted that, during his "apprenticeship," he entertained thoughts of quitting the game.

"I was getting pretty close to it," Koufax says matter-of-factly. "I was beginning to wonder if it might not be better for me to get out while I was still young and go back to school."

In his first six seasons, McDowell put together a similar string of strikeouts and a similarly undistinguished won-lost log—although he did have a 17-11 mark in 1965. And he, too, was riddled

**characterize the two great southpaws**





The arrival of manager Alvin Dark (here arguing with an AL ump) on the Cleveland scene has coincided with McDowell's mound maturity.

Oakland's John (Blue Moon) Odom kept up a verbal battle with Sudden Sam throughout much of last season. The A's rightly labeled McDowell "dumb" for using his tools so poorly.



with self-doubts as to his own ability.

"Did you ever stop to think Sam McDowell may not be a super-pitcher," he asked newsmen rhetorically. "Maybe I'm only a 14 or 15-game winner, and maybe that's all anyone should expect."

Koufax, however, blossomed at age 25 when he posted an 18-13 record. Two years later, at 27, he cracked the 25-victory barrier, posted an eye-opening 1.88 earned run average and surpassed 300 strikeouts for the first time.

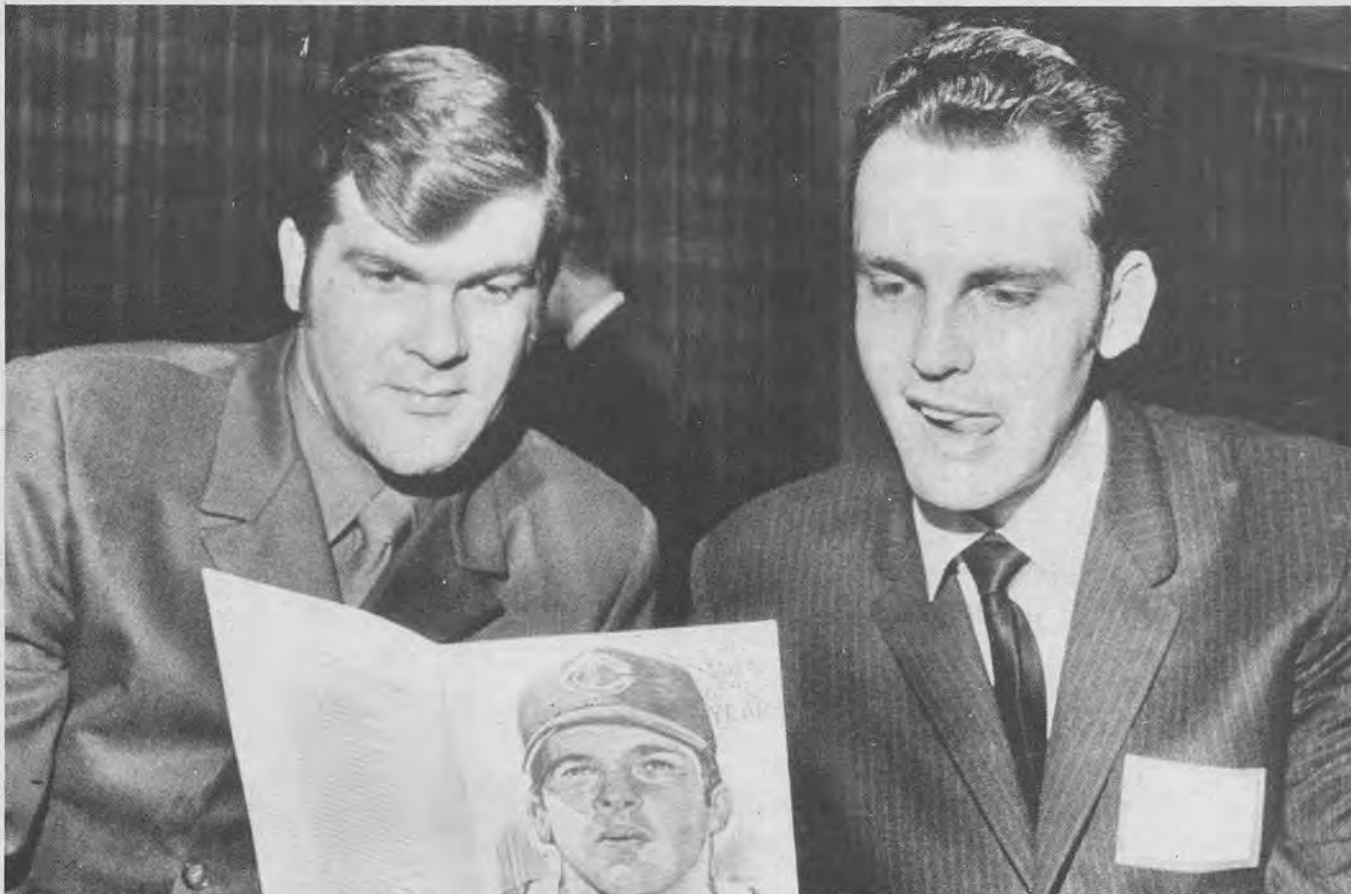
"The thing that was wrong with Sandy," recalls Dodger skipper Walt Alston, "is that he was a perfectionist. He wanted everything just so. He wasn't satisfied when one of his pitches missed by an inch."

So Koufax worried about his control—and was never able to master it until it stopped gnawing at him. Now Dark talks in the same vein about McDowell.

"Sam is an overly conscientious fellow," he says, using slightly different words but reflecting Alston's opinion. "In the past, Sam got 'over-ready' for ball games. He thought about too many little things."

"It's a theory of mine that many players in the big leagues would be a lot better if they only realized it. McDowell has to learn to go out there, pitch his game and let the chips fall where they may. With the kind of talent he's got, they'll probably fall his way three out of four times."

That McDowell has taken several giant



Sam, left, and Dean Chance, acquired by the Tribe from the Minnesota Twins during the winter, give Cleveland lefty-righty mound aces.

Before retiring, the redoubtable Koufax had 2,396 strikeouts in 2,325 innings pitched.



steps toward conquering his problem is also reflected in the record books. At age 25, when Koufax blossomed, Sam posted a 15-14 record for the Indians, and had a brilliant 1.81 ERA. He followed that up last season by compiling an 18-14 record with a club that finished in last place in its division. That brings him to 27—the age at which Koufax stepped over the line from potential great to unquestioned super-star.

"Sam's been coming on more and more

each year," says Dark. "That's evident from his 1968 and 1969 seasons. It takes every pitcher time to mature. He'll get better now as he goes along."

Any comparison between McDowell and Koufax, of course, begins with strikeouts. Only two pitchers in the history of baseball have been able to whiff batters at a ratio of more than one per inning—Sandy and Sam. In the 2,325 innings he worked, Koufax posted 2,396 strikeouts. In 1,589 frames, heading into the current season, McDowell has posted 1,663 strikeouts.

The other achievements, however, have not followed. The big question is why? Dark uses the tag "over-conscientious." McDowell expresses it another way. And one of Sam's critics, John (Blue Moon) Odom of the Oakland Athletics, puts it in a completely different light by saying: "Sam's dumb."

Odom and McDowell got into the verbal battle that led to the derisive remark last May, after the A's pitcher shut out the Indians for the second time in as many starts.

"I feel," said Odom after the game, "I can shut the Indians out anytime I want."

McDowell quickly retaliated.

"Nobody talks that way about my teammates," he said sharply. "You can tell Odom for me that I want a piece of his action next time he faces us."

The two met again on Aug. 5. Odom was chased in the fourth inning. McDowell stayed around to the end, but

gave up four runs in a game that was distinguished only by the confrontation and Odom's fresh set of barbs.

"Sam's dumb," Blue Moon chortled. "If I had his fastball, I'd be making \$100,000 a year. If he only thought a little bit. He can overpower a hitter. He does it for a few innings, then gets cocky and comes in with junk."

How much truth there is in what Odom said is open to debate. It is a fact, however, that the 6-5, 210-pound McDowell has never lived up to the Indians' expectations when they signed him for a \$62,000 bonus. And, while Sam won't label himself dumb, he does admit to having had problems with the area above his shoulders.

The fact that he took umbrage at Odom's remarks is an indication of that, considering that he had taken similar umbrage at words by Denny McLain during the 1965 season—and injured his shoulder because he tried so hard to beat the Detroit hurler in a game.

Subjecting yourself to that kind of cruel and unusual punishment is not a recommended procedure for mature players. But it may all stem from the attention McDowell has received, ever since he arrived on the scene in 1961 heralded as "the new Koufax."

It is obviously a challenge Sam has been unable to fully cope with. He admits as much.

"I guess, in some respects, I was flat-

*continued on page 76*



# BRIAN PICCOLO'S LONGEST RUN TO DAYLIGHT

by Rick Talley

**B**rian Piccolo knows that no matter what he says, or does, many people will continue to look at him and say:

"The kid hasn't got a chance."

That's one reason why he wants to play professional football again as a halfback for the Chicago Bears.

"There's still the old, old way of thinking about cancer," says Piccolo. "One of the big problems is educating the public about it. They don't want to know about it. They just hope it'll go away. Well, it won't go away."

Piccolo knows. Last Nov. 28 he lay on an operating table in New York's Memorial Hospital while Dr. Edward Beattie, Jr., chiseled thru his breastbone. Finally, after 4½ hours, the hole was big enough and out came a malignant tumor the size of a grapefruit. Malignant!

"At first the word malignant scared the hell out of me," admits the 26-year-old Bears' runner. "But my doctor was just fabulous. He talked to me a lot, even before the operation, and made me understand. He told me the alternatives . . . and what could happen. By the time he was done, I was saying, 'Oh, boy, let's go.'"

One month later, Piccolo was celebrating a meaningful Christmas with his wife, Joy, and three daughters, Lori, 4, Traci, 2½, and Kristi, 1—who was celebrating her own birthday on Christmas Day.

**"It all happened so quickly," says the Chicago Bears' halfback. "I mean, who would think of having cancer? Maybe for the guy down the street, but not me . . ."**







Nine weeks after the operation, Brian was playing basketball, competing in the Astro-Jet golf tournament in Phoenix and writing a letter to safety Freddy Steinmark of Texas' top-ranked college football team.

But you won't hear him saying, "I've licked cancer." He doesn't look at it that way, although he sincerely believes, as does his doctor, that "everything is out."

"I didn't lick cancer," claims Piccolo. "I got it . . . and let's face it, I have no control over it. There's only one person who has control over any of us. I've always felt that way."

Three months after the operation, Brian returned to Memorial Hospital for treatment of a "little hump" on his chest. And in June, doctors there will put him through another battery of tests.

"If I weren't a football player, I wouldn't even be going in for the tests," says Piccolo. "You see . . . they're confident I can lead a normal life now. Football is the only question. And they know

I want to play. Not because I want any big comeback, but because I want to show what I can do."

Medically speaking, Piccolo's rare tumor (there are only 400 case histories of this behind-the-breastbone, outside-the-lung location) is known as a "mediastinal cancer," which comes from embryonic tissue not dissolved before birth.

"I've had it all my life and it just laid there. Then, for some reason, it decided to take off," he explains. "When the Bears gave us physical exams last July, it didn't show up on the X-rays. Then, within a period of three months, it went to grapefruit size. Yet it hadn't really gone anywhere. It was just touching part of my lung. The operation was a complete removal. They took out about five per cent of the lung, but it won't affect my breathing that much."

Piccolo is confident he'll play football again—yet, it isn't a blind confidence.

"If I go to New York in June and the doctor says, 'Listen, I don't think you

should play,' I'll be damned if I'm gonna play. It's not the most important thing in the world anymore.

"At one time it was. But when you're laying on your back, and you wonder whether you'll live or die, and you're thinking about your three little girls . . . you come to discover that there are more important things than football.

"You look at the world with a different perspective after something like this. You think, and you wonder. You say to yourself, 'Have I treated my kids right? Have I been home enough? Did I waste a lot of time?'

"You think about that. You re-evaluate your life. You ask yourself, 'If I get out, what am I going to do? How am I going to be different?'

Has Piccolo changed?

"Not really that much. It's interesting. I'm not any more conservative or anything. I suppose people react differently in situations like this.

"I do feel that some things aren't as



"Papa Bear" George Halas, the irascible old man of pro football, took care of all financial matters during Piccolo's hospital stay.



Brian, left and at right, had teamed with the fabulous Gale Sayers, above, after Ronnie Bull sustained a knee injury last season. He started four times and helped Sayers gain almost 400 yards via his blocking.

important as I once thought they were. Like, it's not so important to make that million dollars anymore because I've looked at my own life and realized how much I already have going for me.

"My wife, family, everything. Things I really never sat back and consciously appreciated. I catch myself now, just looking at my little girls and thinking, 'You never realized how lucky you were all along.'

"Yet, I don't lay awake at night saying, 'Please, God, don't let it come back.' I've always felt that if it's your time, whether you're driving a car or what-

ever, you're gonna get it. I've never had a fear of dying."

A strong belief in predestination helped Piccolo through the uncertain hours.

"I'd hate to have gone through it if I couldn't accept predestination," he admits. "I just kept saying, 'God, if it's my time, it's my time.' But I had hope all the while. Somehow I just had the feeling that I wasn't ready to go.

"It all happened so quickly. I mean, who would think of having cancer? Maybe for the guy down the street. He's not in top condition. He doesn't watch his diet, or train. He's not an athlete. But for me to have it?"

It embarrasses Brian when people talk about his courage, or the ordeal he went through in November. He tries to minimize the anguish. Yet, when he talks about those first hours of medical discovery, he admits how frightened he became.

"It was the first day (Tuesday, Nov.

18) I went to the hospital (Illinois Masonic Medical Center) for X-rays, because of this bad cough," he remembers. "It had been bothering me for several weeks. During our game at Atlanta (Nov. 16), it really got bad. I was hacking on the sideline and Dick Gordon looked at me and said, 'Man, how can you play?'

"So on Tuesday, after practice, I went to the hospital to get checked out. That's when we discovered this haze on my chest X-rays. Right away, I knew something was wrong. I put my shirt back on, but the technicians there wanted more pictures—the side and back views. So I figured they must have seen something, too.

"Then I went downstairs to wait for the doctor to talk to me about the X-rays. One doctor came in and we looked at them and I said, 'Doc, that's not supposed to be there,' and he said, 'Brian,





Christmas, 1969, was a happy time in the Piccolo household, as Brian and his wife, Joy, decorate the place for their three daughters.

I'm not an alarmist, but you're right.'

"I had to wait for Dr. L. L. Braun (the Bears' physician), but he was tied up for awhile. It seemed like two hours, but it was probably only 30 minutes or so. All I could visualize was Ben Gazzara in the TV series, *Run for Your Life*. You know, Paul Bryant, when the doc came in and said, 'You've got a year to live, maybe two.'

"I could hear some doctor saying the same thing to me. It really bothered me. Then I said to myself, 'Oh, hell, nothing like that could happen.' When he finally came and told me I couldn't play Sunday against Baltimore, I knew it was pretty serious."

Piccolo was amazed at the mail he received from fans, following his operation. He got 150 to 200 cards and letters every day while he was hospitalized, many of them containing personal notes.

George Halas, the 76-year-old owner of the Bears, also amazed Brian:

"You can't imagine how great he was.

He took care of all financial matters . . . and went beyond my contract. There are a lot of things people don't know about the old man.

"He told me, 'Don't worry about the money' and when he heard the tumor was malignant, he said, 'Brian, I went all the way to England to find the best man for my hip surgery. Now I want you to make sure to find the best man in the world for your surgery. Find him and he's yours.' Yet, I'm sure Mr. Halas wouldn't hesitate to fight me over \$500 in my next contract!"

Piccolo realizes that people feel differently around him now, and he doesn't want it that way. He'd rather have them joke, as he does. ("Whenever I hear someone cough, I whisper, 'Hey, that really sounds like a bad cough.'")

At a Chicago sports dinner in January, ex-Bear linebacker Bill George needled him: "Don't start telling me about that operation of yours again. Hell, I've spent more time on the operating table than

you've spent playing in this league."

"I liked that," remembers Piccolo. "It's the way I want to be treated."

He realizes that's not how the Bears' management looks at him, however. The club traded in January for two new running backs—Elijah Pitts of Green Bay and Craig Baynham of Dallas.

"It's my job they're after," Brian notes. "But they're going to have to win it away from me."

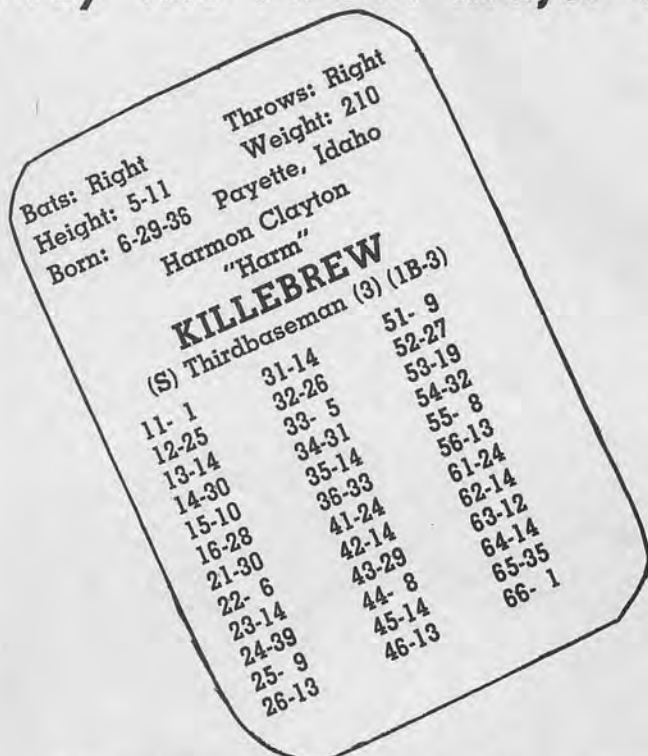
Piccolo, who served as a spot player and backup man behind super-star Gale Sayers for three seasons, finally broke into the regular backfield with Sayers last year when Ronnie Bull suffered a knee injury. He started four games, despite his cough, and during those contests Sayers gained almost 400 yards.

"I think I helped," says Brian, a tough blocker and a Jim Taylor-type runner. "The one thing I'd been pushing for since joining the Bears was to play in the same backfield with Sayers. And I

*continued on page 78*

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Woody Allen reaches around to his back pocket, pulls out a yellow cap and places it atop his tiny, bespectacled head. He pounds his fist into his glove once, twice, three times and leans forward intently.

The batter lashes a line drive toward him in left field. Woody moves over to cut the ball off on the first bounce, but it hits his glove and skips through. He turns to chase it. Then, after running a couple of steps, he stops and gives up.

\* \* \*

George C. Scott, who doesn't pitch with quite the same success with which he acts, doesn't like the umpire's call. It is a crucial game, and the decision can conceivably affect the outcome.

Pulling himself up to his full 6-0, 200-pound proportions, Scott storms the 5-7, 59-year-old ump and lets go with his most menacing stage glare. But the umpire doesn't wait to find out if George C. is acting. He whips off his mask and hits Scott with it, right in his famous face.

\* \* \*

Merv Griffin is pitching—because it is his team and he plays wherever he wants to—and the batter raps a line drive to left field. As the outfielder picks up the ball on the second bounce and throws toward the plate, the runner on second rounds third.

But Griffin, obviously unaware of the runner's location or intention, shuffles to a spot between the mound and the third base line and cuts off the throw. As the runner nears the plate, the catcher, an usher at the theater where Griffin does his television show, stands helplessly by, pleading, "Mr. Griffin, throw me the ball. Please throw me the ball, Mr. Griffin."

\* \* \*

This is the Broadway Show League. It doesn't exactly have the polish and the professionalism of *My Fair Lady* or

*Oklahoma*, but it's been running far longer than the two musicals did.

Ever since the late John Effrat, who was connected with the Actors Fund, organized the league back in 1955, it has brought show business people together in New York's Central Park for approximately 15 Thursdays from April through July. Their reasons for coming may vary, but their intention is the same—to play softball.

The brand of softball they play should

Comedian-actor-playright Woody Allen takes himself very seriously out on the ball field.



# THEY OFTEN MIS-CUE IN THE BROADWAY SHOW LEAGUE

The brand of softball played should not be confused with top-flight industrial leagues or tournaments sponsored by the Amateur Softball Association, but the "names" that dot Show League lineups are unique

not be confused with that played in top-flight industrial leagues or tournaments sponsored by the Amateur Softball Association. But in none of those leagues and tournaments can you find the "names" that generously dot Broadway Show League lineups.

For example, Paul Newman is a graduate of the league. (Actually, he didn't graduate. He simply went to Hollywood, where he graduated to a higher level of income.) Walter Matthau and Sammy Davis, Jr., have played there, as have Bobby Morse, Eli Wallach, Steve Lawrence, Tony Perkins, Stubby Kaye, Sidney Chaplin, Julius LaRosa, Robert Loggia, Jerry Orbach, Cab Calloway and Ben Gazzara (who once broke a leg sliding into second base and blew a movie contract because of it).

Former pro athletes have also played, including Phil Rizzuto, Frank Gifford, Monte Irvin and Frank Torre. In fact, Rizzuto might have had the worst day of his illustrious career in a Show League game. The former star of the New York Yankees, now a Yankee broadcaster, occasionally plays for CBS when the Yanks are at home.

This particular Thursday CBS was playing *The Associated Press*, and Rizzuto was at his familiar shortstop spot. He was in his familiar crouch, too, when the first ball hit in his direction came rolling routinely at him. Embarrassingly, it kept rolling—right between his legs.

He handled the next ball hit to him, an easy pop fly, but in trying to double a runner off first base, heaved it into the stands. Then later on, to top off a perfectly miserable day for him, one of the AP players slid into second and dumped the old Scooter unceremoniously on his face.

That was also a day Gifford should remember. The once great halfback of the



New York Giants was catching and, early along, someone lofted a pop fly in front of the plate. As Gifford raced out to make the play, he tripped over the bat, fell down and wound up with a face that was both dirty and red.

As strange as it may seem, the presence of Rizzuto and Gifford in the lineup actually weakened their team, for CBS, desirous of a championship, had gone out and recruited a bunch of softball "bums," fellows who more or less specialized in pickup games.

CBS dominated the league for two seasons, but, for the most part, the 18 or 20 teams that participate are made up of guys looking for fun or exercise and who just want to play softball a couple of hours each week.

The teams come from Broadway shows and related fields, such as restaurants and news media. *My Fair Lady*, for example, won the championship four times. Other shows that have had teams include *Promises, Promises*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, *Cabaret*, *Plaza Suite*, *Hello Dolly*, *How Now Dow Jones*, *Golden Rainbow*, *Play It Again, Sam* and *Hadrian VII*.

Once in a while, a team will invite a non-theatrical personality to play with it. That's how Joe Namath happened to be in left field for *Promises, Promises* one Thursday last season.

Namath, whose insertion in the show's lineup has been rumored for several weeks, finally arrives. Someone hands him one of the team's red-and-white softball shirts and he puts it on. But he declines a softball cap, preferring his own black beret instead. He also wears green bell-bottom slacks with white polka dots, and brown suede shoes.

Joe, of course, has no connection with the show. So the producer, the wily and promotion-minded David Merrick, has an aide standing by with a contract in case someone protests. But no one does, so it's not necessary that Namath become a "general understudy" with the show.

He does become a left fielder, though, and looks like a good one as he grabs a short fly down the line after a long run. A couple of innings later, however, he does a turnaround. Darting in too fast for a line drive, he has to stop abruptly, reach up and grab the ball just as it's about to sail past him to another field in the six-diamond area.

"That happened to me once in a high school baseball game in Pennsylvania," Namath recalls later. "It was embarrassing as all heck. I came charging in and there's the ball at my face."

In a late inning, Namath and Jerry Orbach, the Tony Award-winning star of the musical, share a humiliating moment when the same grounder rolls through their legs—first Orbach's and then the quarterback's.

Afterward, someone asks Namath whether he was concerned that he might injure his already painful knees. "There's

less chance of getting hurt standing out there in that outfield," he replies, "than walking the streets."

David Merrick, the man who pays Orbach's salary doesn't quite agree. He has both his own and Orbach's interests at heart when he instructs Jerry not to slide, no matter what the situation. (Merrick will never be a John McGraw, but he's chalked up more Broadway hits than McGraw ever won pennants.)

Orbach is no worse than the average player in the league, but he isn't really any better, either. No one, though, out-hustles or outchatters him.

"Make him hit it, Pete. You got him, Pete, way behind, lot of time," he chatters. "Pitcher's up. Work him over, Pete. You got it, Pete. No problem."

He is gangly, and when he slouches over he looks rather uncoordinated. "Very poor posture," a fan notes.

There is nothing wrong with Woody Allen's posture. The comedian-actor-playwright has been an athlete all his life, and his class is clearly evident—especially when he's playing for Schlissel's Schleppers, a team named for Jack Schlissel, David Merrick's money-minded general manager.

Of course, looking good with a team that loses all its games isn't a difficult feat. Still, Woody has his bad moments, too, such as the line drive that eluded him a while back. Schlissel's Schleppers lost that particular contest, 18-2, and

Allen later called it "the single most humiliating game we've ever played." Some actor-players would laugh it off, but not Woody. He takes his softball seriously, so seriously in fact that David Merrick had better not decide to tell him to avoid sliding.

"I'm dead serious," he says. "I'm crushed when there are errors. I want to win badly, and I play my heart out."

Because of his rabid interest in the sport, Woody does not find it difficult to fit the league into his busy schedule.

"I subjugate everything to it," he explains. "I just don't do any work on anything else if I have a game. It's easy. There are times when it wouldn't hurt if I was doing something else. But I figure, what the hell, I'd rather play ball."

One of last season's more interesting games was the clash between Allen's team and Orbach's. *Promises, Promises* won easily.

"We had a very bad first inning that we never recovered from," Woody remembers. "We had all our good guys in the infield (including himself at second), but they weren't hitting the ball to the infielders. They kept hitting it to the outfield for what should have been easy outs. But the drives were going for triples and home runs. Finally, the infielders moved to the outfield and we held them. But we never caught up."

Alec McCowen isn't quite so devoted to the game. In fact, until he came to the United States last year to star in *Hadrian VII* on Broadway, he didn't even know what softball was.

He learned quickly, though, because *Hadrian* had a team in the league and he was its most faithful fan. He did, however, have one problem.

"It's difficult to pick up what you're supposed to shout," said the jovial Britisher. "In cricket, actually, you don't yell. You just applaud politely. But here there's a lot of yelling. There's a lot of 'baby talk.' Here you say 'baby' a lot. 'C'mon John baby!'"

McCowen added a bit of poetry to rooting for the home team. When John Kramer, one of the *Hadrian* players, popped to third, he chirped, "Oh, John, John, John, where has that gone?"

Then one day Alec got a turn at the plate. The slightly built actor took a bat in his hand for the first time. For weeks afterward he delighted in detailing his experiences.

"Tony Roberts (now starring in *Promises, Promises* in London) was pitching for the other team," Alec related, "and he said, 'Before I pitch, may I tell you I enjoyed your performance very much.' I thought that was very nice."

Then Roberts, a teammate of Woody Allen, served up the ball and, as McCowen explained, "I just struck at it and hit it. But I was so overcome that I forgot to run. I don't even really know where it went."



Actor George C. Scott's family (Coleen Dewhurst and their son) attend most games.

Jonathan Miller Liam Herbert James Burrows Jeff Chambers Bob Cranborg  
 Anthony Roberts Woody Allen Murray Hamilton Alan Manson John Dark

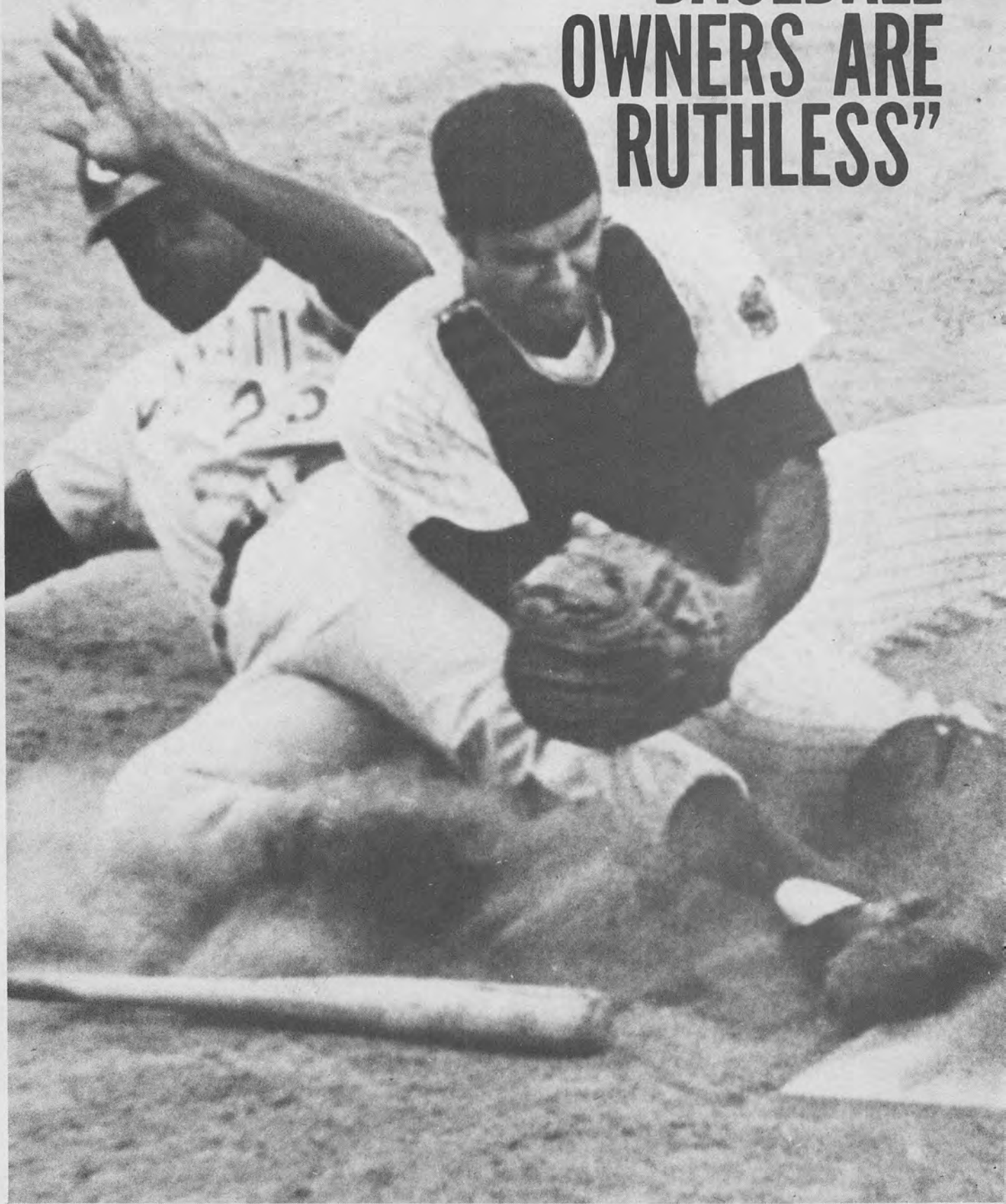
## SCHLISSEL'S SCHLEPPERS

Named for Jack Schlissel, David Merrick's general manager, this illustrious outfit managed to lose all its league games one year.





Joe Torre:  
**"BASEBALL  
OWNERS ARE  
RUTHLESS"**



**"The organization you play for can have an awful lot to do with your happiness," says the Cards' star hitter. "The Braves used to be one of the best. Now I believe they're the worst. But St. Louis is great . . ."**

Joe Torre lay in the dirt of Atlanta Stadium, his cheekbone cracked, his nose broken, his palate split, blood dripping from his jaw. His face was swollen and both eyes were blackened. A fastball delivered by Chuck Hartenstein of the Chicago Cubs had crashed into the left side of his face. "I lay there and knew I was badly hurt,"

Torre remembers. "I thought I might never play baseball again. If you're hurt they don't want you.

Everybody in baseball knows that." Torre spent the next 10 days in an

Atlanta hospital. It was two weeks later before he could even return to the ball park. "The day I was hit," he said, "we were

leaving for a road trip. Just before the game we had been given our meal allowance. I think it was

something like a hundred dollars. The money was still in my pants." When

Joe entered the clubhouse, traveling secretary Donald

Davidson walked up to him. "He didn't ask me how I was. He didn't say hello.

He just said, 'Will you pay us back the meal money in cash or should we deduct it from your next check?'

I was really shocked. For a while I didn't realize what he was talking about. Then

I understood that (vice-president) Paul Richards had sent him down to get it. Richards didn't care how

I felt. He just wanted to make sure I didn't get ahead of him by a hundred bucks. He didn't care that

my face was smashed up. In fact, he doesn't care about any of his players. He just cares what they can do for him." Because of several unpleasant experiences in baseball over the last few years, Torre has become a militant in labor negotiations with the owners, and also in personal salary negotiations. "It wasn't quite that way when I came up to the majors with Milwaukee in 1961," he says, "but things have changed. I was glad to get away from Richards and the Braves' organization.

With him around, they have become heartless." Torre got an inkling of just how baseball operated when his older brother, Frank, a former major league first baseman with Milwaukee and Philadelphia, was released by the Phillies.

"Frank was under the shower and had the radio on in the bathroom," Joe recalls. "Then he heard the sports news and almost went down the drain when he heard he had been released. No calls, no softening of the blow, just a quick flash on the radio and a slip in the mail (a few days later) to tell you that you're gone." The experience jolted Joe Torre into realizing that baseball players are discarded as soon as an owner decides they've outlived their usefulness. "It's particularly true of Richards," he says. "If you get hurt he doesn't want to know you. Wade Blasingame was a pretty good pitching prospect on our club when Richards came around. He tried to

Torre, seen here blocking the plate against Cincinnati's Lee May, knew he was finished in Atlanta when president Bill Bartholomay refused to take a hand in his salary dispute with Paul Richards.





Braves' skipper Luman Harris never pushed Torre to get back into the lineup, after he was beamed by the Cubs' Chuck Hartenstein.



General manager Paul Richards, however, treated Joe differently. He gave his \$65,000-a-year catcher the cold shoulder treatment.

Atlanta owner Bill Bartholomay looks on as super-star Hank Aaron signs a Brave pact.



teach him the slip pitch and Wade hurt his arm. Richards wouldn't talk to him after that. That's the way he is if you're hurt. He doesn't want to know you."

Torre believes most owners are ruthless in their dealings with players who have shown any militancy on the labor front. Any friend of Marvin Miller, the director of the Baseball Players' Association, automatically becomes an enemy of the front-office.

"Negotiations with the owners are like pulling teeth," Joe claims. "They have their representatives at the negotiation meetings and the whole thing is so cold it's frightening. You wouldn't believe we were actually working for these people."

Torre's troubles with Richards began in the spring of 1968, and are the crux of his antagonism toward the owners.

"I had been a first-string major league catcher for seven years when Richards came around," he says. "He was an ex-backstop himself, so he wanted me to do things his way."

Richards, with utter disregard for Torre's status in the game, ordered catching coach Clint Courtney to teach the \$65,000-a-year star a new way to throw the ball:

"Richards sent Courtney and me down to one of our workout fields in spring training. He changed the position of my arm. I made a couple of lob throws and then threw a couple of hard ones. On my sixth throw I felt something pop in my shoulder."

Richards blamed the soreness on Joe not having his arm in shape.

"I took a shot of cortisone and went

back into the lineup," Torre remembers. "Nobody thinks about how much damage you might be doing to your arm. They'll pump you full of the stuff if it can get you to play."

A few days later, Joe broke a finger. He taped it up and kept on playing.

"The sky was overcast the day we faced Hartenstein. He had come on as a relief pitcher in the middle of the game and I had never faced him before. The ball was tough to pick up. The pitch was tight and I lost it. I guess I didn't realize where it was until it hit me," he says.

It was six weeks before Torre returned to the Atlanta lineup. He had lost weight, felt weak and was troubled by a sore arm when he started playing again:

"Luman Harris (the Braves' manager) was great. He didn't push me. He told me I could have all the time I needed to get ready again. When I came back, the injury had healed but my arm was still pretty sore."

Richards responded to the injury, and to Torre's decreased efficiency, the way he responded to most other injuries. He gave the player the cold shoulder.

"During the last couple of weeks of the season I knew I was gone," Torre says. "Richards would walk away if he happened to see me. We didn't exchange a word for two months. Harris sat me down while he played some of the kids. Richards obviously spread the word around the organization because, for the last week of the campaign, nobody from the front-office said a word to me."

Joe returned to his Manhasset, L. I., home over the winter, and rooted for a rumored trade to the Mets:



The Cardinals—as represented by GM Bing Devine, vice-president Stan Musial and manager Red Schoendienst, from left—are tops.

"I knew I was gone, and I thought about the old days with the Braves before Richards. When Lou Perini and John McHale ran the organization it was a pretty nice place to work. It had all changed under Richards, though. Bill Bartholomay was actually the boss, but he was away on other business in Chicago most of the time. Playing for the club got to be like working in a factory."

Torre had batted .277, with 20 homers and 68 RBIs in 1967. His salary rose to \$65,000. The following season, with the fractured cheekbone, sore finger and sore arm, he played in only 115 games, batted .271, had 10 homers and 55 RBIs. Richards sent him a contract calling for the maximum salary slash allowed by baseball law.

"Even before I received the contract," says Joe, "I received a call from an Atlanta newspaperman. Richards had told him I would be cut the maximum. I told the newsman I wouldn't accept such a contract. The guy called Richards and

he said he didn't care if I held out until Thanksgiving."

Then began one of the most bitter contract disputes in recent baseball memory.

Richards called a press conference in Atlanta to downgrade Torre's abilities, pointing out that he was a slow runner, frequently hit into double plays, participated in only 115 games the year before and couldn't throw.

"I was mad when I first read that," Joe remembers, "but then I had to laugh. If I was as terrible a ball player as Richards claimed, he couldn't have been too smart paying me \$65,000 a year."

After all the name-calling was over, the two got together on the phone and agreed to meet in the team's spring training headquarters at West Palm Beach. But there was still a surprise in store for the unsuspecting Torre:

"I figured if he wanted to have me come down to Florida, we would finally get together. So I packed all my gear and left home. I was a little shocked and

got an inkling of his thinking when I checked into the hotel where the club was staying and found there wasn't a room for me. That's the kind of subtle tactic the owners always use on a player. They can put an awful lot of pressure on you."

Torre and Richards finally met and the catcher was offered a mere \$5,000 pay cut instead of a \$12,000 slice.

"I want the same money," Joe argued. "I don't see any reason why I deserve a pay cut for getting my face smashed up playing baseball for the Braves."

"That's absolutely our final offer," stated Richards.

"I can't accept it," countered Torre. "Here's my business card in New York if you want to make me a new offer."

Torre dropped his card with a New York phone number on Richards' desk. The vice-president handed it back to him.

"There's no sense leaving that," he said. "I won't be calling you."

The battle then resumed in the newspapers—with Richards terming Torre's





Torre gets an assist from daughter Lauren, as he packs his bags before heading for spring training with St. Louis.



demands outrageous and Joe vowing never again to play baseball for the Braves as long as Richards was connected with the club.

"I called up Bartholomay," Torre says, "because we had always gotten along well. He told me Richards was handling the matter. I knew then that I was finished in Atlanta."

Even an enlightened young baseball executive like Bill Bartholomay had been caught up in the pressure tactic exercised by all the owners in the spring of 1969. The players were negotiating for a new pension plan and, while negotiations were in progress, some of them agreed to sign and report. The militants did not.

"Of course I didn't negotiate while the pension fight was on," Joe says, "but I heard enough stories about the pressures that our club and almost all the others brought to bear in order to break the strength of the association.

"Richards tried to sign everybody. He did pretty well with the younger players. You don't realize how a club can squeeze a kid making \$12,000 by offering him \$15,000. They give it to him if he signs immediately. If he doesn't, he goes back to \$12,000."

"All the clubs did that," says Ed Krane-pool, the New York Mets' player representative. "That was part of their game. They pressured guys on our club into signing by giving them a few thousand dollars more than they would otherwise have gotten. So some guys signed and others fought their pension fight. But those are the kind of tricks the owners can pull."

One club made no attempt at signing a player, once the player representative informed the general manager that the men did not want to be approached while negotiations were going on. The club was the St. Louis Cardinals, the general man-

ager was Bing Devine and the player representative was Tim McCarver.

"The Cardinals are a class organization," says McCarver. "You hear a lot of things about a lot of clubs and the methods of a lot of owners. But nobody has a bad word to say about the Cardinals."

On March 17, 1969, Bing Devine called Joe Torre in New York.

"We just completed a trade with the

Braves for you," said Devine. "You are now a St. Louis Cardinal."

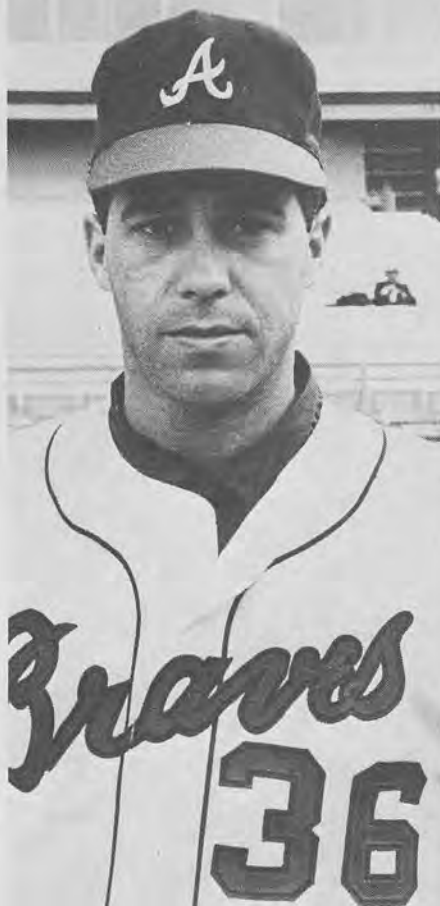
Torre grabbed the next plane south and, in a five-minute meeting with Devine, signed his 1969 contract for the same \$65,000 he earned the year before.

"It wasn't the money," said Joe. "It was more that Bing made me feel he really wanted me."

Because their careers are relatively short and the potential for injury always

Ex-Braves' great Eddie Mathews had his uniform number retired in ceremonies honoring the 1957 world champions. When the club had traded him, he learned about it from a reporter.





Wade Blasingame got hurt trying to master the slip pitch—and Richards unloaded him.

exists, players—even stars like Joe Torre—find baseball a highly emotional way of making a living.

"The highs are very high," he says, "and the lows are so low that you feel like quitting. Owners do things that jolt you all the time. You know you have to make it quick or you'll be in trouble. Nobody really cares what happens to you. My brother Frank found that out. Eddie Mathews was a great star for the Braves. He wasn't at home when they tried to call and tell him about his trade. But they didn't wait. He heard about it from a newspaperman. They just don't care who you are or who you were. If they can't use you any more, see you later."

Joe Torre has come a long way from his days as a chubby kid third baseman in Brooklyn. He has made more than a half-million dollars playing baseball. He lives in a large house in suburban Long Island, has several outside business interests and is probably financially secure for life. He will be 30 in July.

"Baseball is definitely a great life," he says. "I would recommend it to any kid who asks, but I think there are certain things that make it difficult. The organization you play for can have an awful lot to do with your happiness. The Braves used to be one of the best. Now I think they're the worst. The Cards are great

*continued on page 78*



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by Charles Morey

# THE jinx BEHIND RACING'S TRIPLE CROWN



**T**here are 1,000 ways to lose a horse race. But that's not counting the Triple Crown, racing's golden grand slam, which may have twice as many. Proof of that is the black and white fact that no horse has been able to punch out a Triple Crown title in more than two decades.

It was last done in 1948 when the Calumet Farm charger, Citation, the first million dollar baby of the turf, skimmed over a sloppy strip at Churchill Downs to win the Kentucky Derby—and then followed that up with breezing victories in the Preakness and Belmont Stakes.

Since then, nothing. Hundreds have tried, none has been successful. Does that spell jinx? Could be. There is tangible evidence that some intangible force is at work. How else do you explain these facts?

Three of the greatest race horses of the last decade, and probably of all time, Kelso, Buckpasser and Dr. Fager, not only didn't win the Triple Crown, they never even ran in a Triple Crown event. Injuries and, perhaps, overprotection on the part of one trainer figured in that.

Calumet's Tim Tam, winner of the Derby and Preakness in 1958, broke down in the middle of a big charge in the stretch during the Belmont and fin-

**Not since Citation annexed the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont in 1948, has there been a winner of the triumvirate**





**CITATION  
MAN O' WAR**



**KELSO**

ished up on three legs, beaten by Cavan.

Mrs. Edith W. Bancroft's Damascus was frightened almost out of his wits by a band at Churchill Downs just before the Derby and, as a result, ran the worst race of his career. He bounced back, however, with virtuoso victories in the Preakness and Belmont. That was both the Preakness and Belmont. That was back in 1967.

Burgoo King in 1932 and Bold Venture in 1936 both posted Derby and Preakness triumphs, and then broke down while training for the Belmont, which seemed literally at their mercy.

There was also the case of the big red colt who is still rated the greatest horse ever to put four hoofs down on an American track, the magnificent Man o' War. Big Red won the Preakness and Belmont in 1920, but did not start in the Derby because his owner, Samuel Riddle, thought it was too early in the spring to ask a horse to run a mile and a quarter at top speed.

That little omission inspired this note about Man o' War . . . "Born in Kentucky, raised in Kentucky, died in Kentucky, but never raced in Kentucky."

In all, there have been 27 horses who won two parts of the Triple Crown, and eight who won all three. The Derby was first run in 1875, the Belmont in 1867 and the Preakness in 1873. Only eight of the 27, however, had a Derby-Preakness double, meaning they had a shot at the Crown but failed.

The three races, like everything else,

have increased astronomically in value since their inaugural running. Aristides, the first Derby winner in 1875, drew a winner's purse of \$2,850. Majestic Prince, the 1969 victor, earned \$113,200 for owner Frank McMahon. Survivor, the initial Preakness champ, took the top share of the purse which amounted to \$1,850 in 1873. Ruthless, the inaugural Belmont champion in 1867, also earned \$1,850 for his triumph.

Majestic Prince's Preakness take last year was \$129,500, while Arts and Letters picked up a check for \$104,050 in the Belmont. Had the Prince completed his triple play, he would have earned \$346,750 in those three races alone. The same feat almost a century ago would have been worth \$6,550.

Let's call the roll of the eight greats who did connect for the towering triple. The first to do so, in 1919, was Commander J. K. L. Ross' Sir Barton. The next to make it was Belair Stud's Gallant Fox in 1930. He was followed by his long-striding son, Omaha, in 1935.

A son of Man o' War, the flying War Admiral, did it in 1937 carrying the silks of the Glen Riddle Farms. The first of the Calumets, Whirlaway, blitzed his field with a killing stretch rally in the 1941 Derby, then went on to take the Preakness and Belmont. Count Fleet, the Hertz Hurricane, scored in all three events in 1943. The club-footed comet from Texas, Assault, made good in 1946 in the colors of the King Ranch and, of course, it was Citation in 1948.

Hope springs eternal, though, and this spring was no different in the hearts and minds of the American turfmen. A big batch of three-year-olds spent the early months of the year pointing straight at the Triple Crown.

Horses such as Silent Screen, who runs for the Elberon Farm of Mr. and Mrs.

## BUCKPASSER



**DR. FAGER**

Sonny Werblin (of Joe Namath fame), Charles W. Engelhard's Protanto, Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' High Echelon and Personality. Watermill Farm's Burd Alane and George Lewis, the streak from California. Herbert Allen's ground-skimming Forum, Wheatley Stable's Irish Castle and Brave Emperor, the much-traveled Insubordination and George D. Widenor's classy Pontifex, who will probably be trained with the Belmont in mind.

When Sir Barton rang up the first Triple Crown victory on the turf cash register in 1919, winter racing was almost non-existent. Horses, the good ones at least, were rested all winter and were brought out in the spring for a condensed campaign. When Sir Barton pranced to the post for the 1919 Derby he was a maiden, meaning that he had never won a race. Normally, such an animal is kept as far from the Derby as Louisville is from Leningrad.

Sir Barton was a horse who liked the "Bill Daly," out in front kicking dust at his rivals. He won all three of his Triple

Crown races in that free-flowing style, just about wire to wire, with Johnny Loftus in the saddle.

Gallant Fox was cut from a different cloth. He was a lazy horse and a curious one. He often spent the first half of a race literally sighseeing. But when The Fox decided it was time for business, he turned tiger. Jockey Earl Sande, the fabled handy guy, pumped Gallant Fox home at Churchill Downs, Pimlico and Belmont. Only the Preakness was close, three-quarters of a length being the winning margin.

Omaha, a son of The Fox, was a classic type. He laid far off the pace and put his rivals away in the last quarter of a mile. Willie Saunders got his big country-looking colt into all three winner's circles in 1935.

War Admiral was a tiny terror. He slammed his field on the front end in the Derby, out-stared the speedy Pompoon in an eyeball-to-eyeball stretch duel in the Preakness, and then bombed his rivals in the Belmont.





**TIM TAM**



**KAUAI KING**



**CARRY  
BACK**

Whirlaway began 1941 as "Whacky Whirly" because of his erratic racing style, but finished the season as king. Eddie Arcaro supplied the firm jockey hand and Ben Jones the training know-how in the making of this champion. Arcaro, however, felt that Whirly, a laughing winner of the Derby and Preakness, was lucky in the Belmont.

"He just staggered home today," said Eddie after the race. "He likes to come from behind and I had to take the lead. The lack of pace almost beat him."

Mrs. John Hertz' Count Fleet, in 1943, made his Triple Crown rivals look like farm horses. After winning the Derby and Preakness, he took the Belmont by 25 lengths—about 250 feet—from Fairy Manhurst, a stakes winner himself later in the year, and Deseronto. It was to be the Count's last race. He bowed a tendon in his right foreleg and was retired to stud. His jockey, by the way, was Johnny Longden, the same little man who returned to Belmont 26 years later as Majestic Prince's trainer.

Assault, in 1946, was able to overcome a deformed hoof, the result of stepping on a spike as a yearling. Warren Mehrtens rode the classy chestnut to his Triple Crown triumphs.

Citation is rated by many experts as the best of the Triple Crown champions. He literally knocked his fields out. It was never close when Big Cy was in form. Eddie Arcaro posted his second Triple Crown on Cy's back and raved about the colt in the winner's circle at Belmont Park.

"This horse is a gangbuster," said heady Eddie. "Why, the proverbial fat man could have sat on his back and won with him today."

In the more than two decades that have spun by since Citation, the question has often come up as to whether any horse will ever be able to win the Triple Crown again. One man who thinks so is Jimmy Jones, now the director of racing at Monmouth Park and formerly the Calumet trainer. He succeeded his father, Ben, and won the Derby in 1957 with Iron Liege and again in 1958 with the illustrious Tim Tam.

"Of course, it will happen again," predicts Jones. "It will happen when a real top horse comes along. He will have to stay sound and he will need other things going for him, such as good form and favorable track conditions. Tim Tam would have done it in 1958 if he hadn't gone lame in the stretch."

Veteran trainer George Poole is a bit more cautious than Jones. Noting the recent failures of Majestic Prince, Kauai King, Northern Dancer and Carry Back—all Derby-Preakness winners who went



## DAMASCUS

down to defeat in the Belmont—Poole hedges a little:

"Take note of the horses who won the Derby and Preakness in recent seasons, and who failed in the Belmont. Even a great horse may not win all three races because of racing luck. It is also difficult for a trainer to keep a horse in top condition for all three races."

Tom Barry, the clever Irishman who won the Belmont in 1958 with Cavan and again in 1960 with Celtic Ash, is of the opinion that the three races in the Triple Crown are too close together and take too much out of a horse. Neither Cavan

or Celtic Ash ran in the Derby. Cavan also was held out of the Preakness, in which Celtic Ash ran and finished third.

There are many racing people who think the contrasting distances of the races should get some of the blame for the lack of Triple Crown champions. The Derby is a run of a mile and a quarter. The Preakness is a sixteenth of a mile—or 110 yards—shorter than the Derby. The Belmont is the rough one, at a mile and a half.

The pace is different in the Belmont and, sometimes, the jockeys don't ad-

*continued on page 78*

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**C**harles O. Finley apologized. "I'm sorry," he said. "It was my fault."

Although it may not go down as the greatest moment in baseball history, neither should it be ignored. There is increasing evidence that Finley, the ubiquitous, hyperactive owner of the Oakland Athletics whose antics have amazed and disturbed baseball's old guard, has entered into the realm of reality.

Not that Finley isn't still Finley, you understand. He always will be and you're never likely to mistake him for, say, Calvin Griffith. Charley O. was, for instance, perfectly capable of saying not long ago that one way to solve the Seattle Pilots' financial problems was to move them to Milwaukee until a domed stadium was built in Seattle, then move them back again. The fact that this ingenious plan was hardly calculated to soothe the representatives of either Seattle or Milwaukee didn't stop Finley from making it.

Still, there are signs. You couldn't exactly say Finley is mellowing, but you could say he may have come to realize that owning a baseball team in Oakland, Cal., in the year 1970 A.D. is not the same as owning 100,000 original shares of IBM. And, perhaps more important, he

**by Ron Rapoport**

# **finley finally comes of age**

may have come to the conclusion that there is nowhere else to go—that whatever success he is going to achieve in baseball is going to come in Oakland.

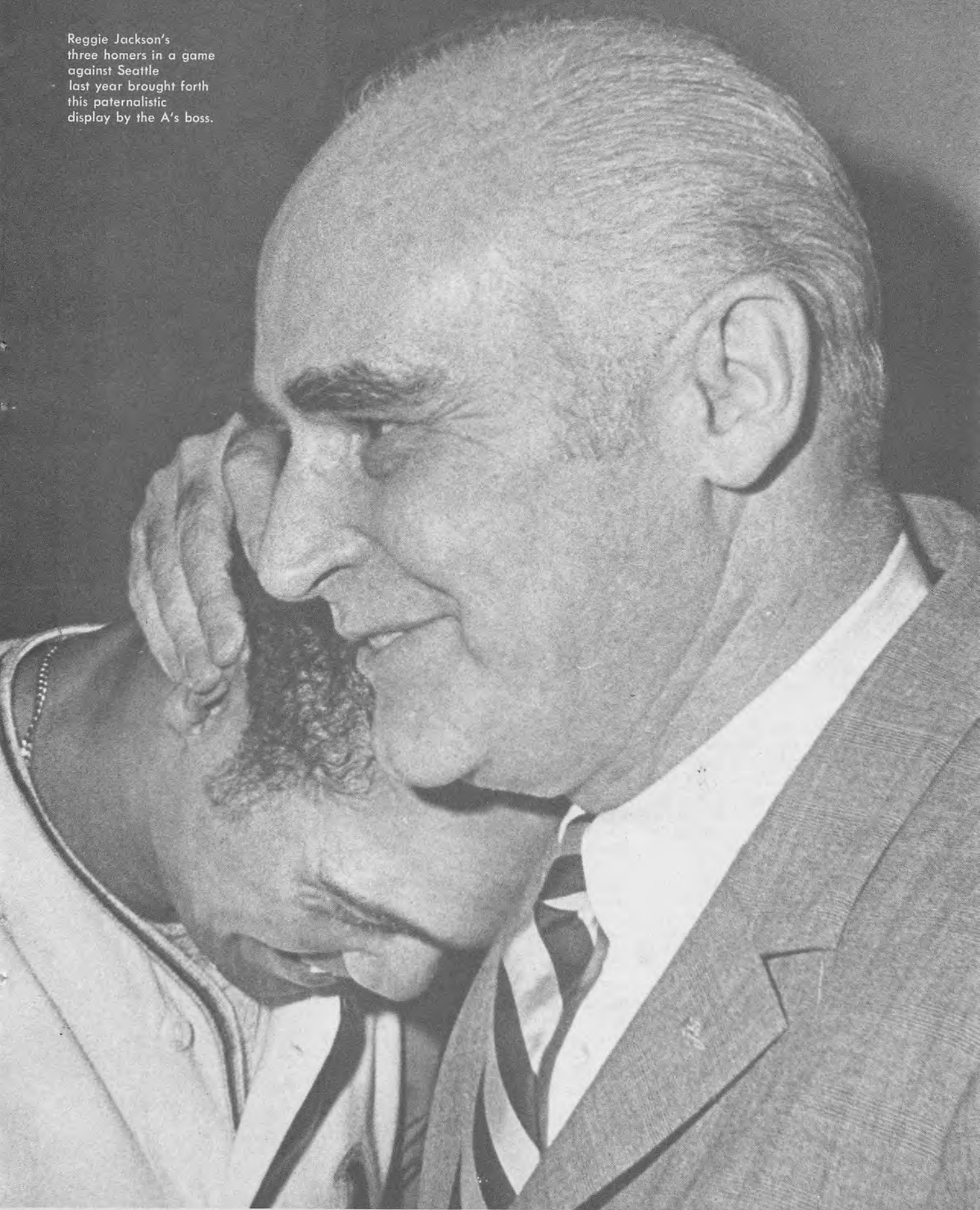
There is the apology, for instance. It's no big deal in the overall scheme of things, but it is indicative, perhaps, of the way things have evolved.

You need some background to understand all this. Finley works in Chicago, which is around 2,000 miles from Oakland. Now, absentee ownership is not an uncommon thing in baseball, but when an owner spends most of his time away from his ball club, he usually appoints somebody to run things. In fact, owners who live no further away from their teams than the nearest suburb often put somebody in charge of day-to-day operations.

**You couldn't exactly say that Charles O. Finley is mellowing, but you could say he may have come to realize that owning a baseball team in Oakland, Cal., in the year 1970, is not quite the same as owning 100,000 original shares of IBM**



Reggie Jackson's  
three homers in a game  
against Seattle  
last year brought forth  
this paternalistic  
display by the A's boss.







In Jackson, left, third baseman Sal Bando, center, and pitcher John (Blue Moon) Odom, Oakland has a trio of potential super-stars.

This person is called a general manager. Would you like to know who the general manager of the Oakland Athletics is? Well, there isn't any. Charles O. Finley does the job from Chicago.

This can cause problems for a sportswriter spending his summer covering the Athletics. During the winter months it can be murder. Say it's last January, for instance, and the A's have traded away Danny Cater, who played 153 games for them at first base last year.

You know the club is going to have to get another first sacker, and you have a sneaking suspicion that a deal may already be in the works. On most clubs, this wouldn't be a problem. When a trade takes place, the public relations man calls up the press and says so-and-so has just been swapped for so-and-so.

With the Athletics it doesn't always work this way. If you want to know about trades, what you have to do is place a long-distance call to Finley in Chicago (it had better be person-to-person because he isn't always there) and start a little chat. Or rather, a little "listen."

First, Finley will say hello. Then he may tell you what the weather is like in

Chicago and ask what it's like where you are and tell you if any of his kids have colds and ask you how your family is and so on like that for a while. But if you're patient and wait 45 minutes or thereabouts, he may tell you that he has just traded Lew Krausse to Seattle for Don Mincher—and you've got your story.

The only trouble is that few newspapers are willing to stand for 45-minute, person-to-person phone calls halfway across the country three or four times a week, and what is likely to happen is that one day you'll pick up a rival paper and read about the trade.

That, in fact, is precisely what happened to one reporter who covers the A's every day during the summer, and who was more than a little embarrassed when his editor asked him how he had blown the trade story.

A few days later, Finley threw a luncheon for every writer, broadcaster and public relations man in the Bay area. The occasion was the formal introduction of Harry Caray—he of the exuberant "Holy Cow" and, until recently, of the St. Louis Cardinals—as the A's new broadcaster.

The girls who came around taking

Finley may have concluded that there will be no place else to go if he fails in Oakland.



drink orders were unusually attentive and the number of steaks that were served would have fed half of Colorado. but the writer who had missed out on the trade story was determined to have it out with Finley.

Finally, after Caray had thrilled the audience with a sample of his wares (he had Reggie Jackson hitting a bases-loaded home run with two out in the ninth and the count three-and-two), and after the club had made a pitch for season tickets (of which more in a moment), Finley sat down at a table, was presented with the evidence and allowed to explain.

And that's when Charles O. Finley apologized and shouldered the blame. Not only that, he said he would try to see it didn't happen again. And he even added his personal hope that the writer would keep up his good work because, "We need all the help we can get down your way." Who could fail to be charmed by such a touching plea?

The likelihood that the same thing would happen again didn't seem to matter. All that mattered was that Charles O. Finley had personally taken the time to concern himself with someone else's problem.

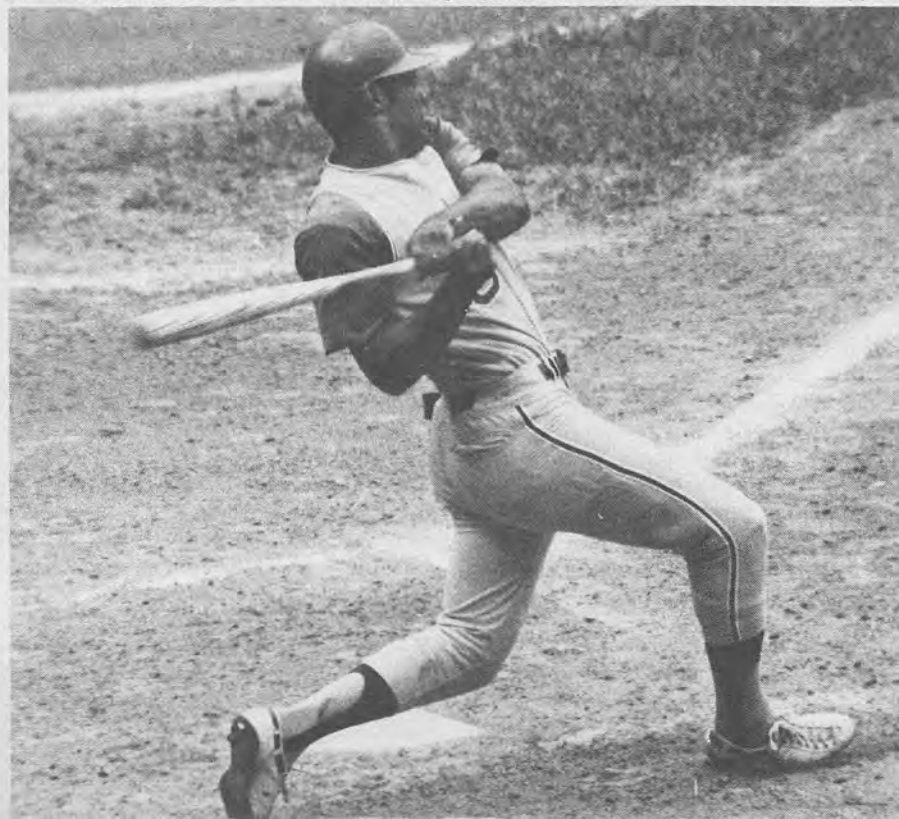
This is important, you see, because Finley is a big thinker. He is a self-made millionaire and is used to heavy success. In baseball terms, that kind of success means two things that are often, though not always, interrelated: big crowds and pennants. In Oakland, he has enjoyed neither one.

Take crowds, for instance. The Athletics play in the Oakland Coliseum, a fine new facility that seats 50,000. Before the A's began their inaugural season



That Charley O. is not the most popular figure in baseball is evidenced by this scene. Fans in Kansas City flooded the local airport in 1967, carrying placards and a "hanged" effigy.

Reggie Jackson was probably the most exciting player in the game last year, and the A's were in the thick of the AL's Western Division flag fight all season, but still attendance dipped.



back in 1968, Finley delivered himself of the opinion that they would play before 1.5 million home fans during the year. The figure reached was little more than half that—837,513.

Then Finley intoned a new litany. As soon as we have a big star, he declared, and as soon as we challenge for the pennant, the fans will turn out.

This is not the time to recount the exploits of Reggie Jackson during the 1969 season. Let it be noted, however, that he was the single most exciting player in baseball last year. And the A's own propaganda points out that the club never dipped lower than second in the American League's Western Division last season, and spent quite a bit of time in first place.

And the attendance? It must naturally have gone up, right? Uh uh. It went down by nearly 60,000 to 778,232. What does Finley say to that? Well, he is actually quite sanguine about it.

"I've never complained about attendance in the Bay Area," he says, "because I knew we had to put a winning club on the field. You can't ballyhoo a funeral. I know. I tried to do it for seven years in





Then Commissioner William D. Eckert, left, met with Finley in 1967 to iron out difficulties between him and his disgruntled players.

Kansas City. If we win the division championship this year, we can draw from a million to a million and a quarter. I'd be very happy with that."

Does that sound like the Charles O. Finley we all know and love? The man who brought the mule into baseball? The man who gave away Ken Harrelson for free because he was mad at him? The man who dresses his team like a bunch of Donald Ducks? The man who changes managers so often that he is now going around with some guys for the second time? Well, reality, cold stark reality, has finally come home to him.

It's not hard to see what kept Finley in his dream world all these years. He saw Walter O'Malley take the Dodgers to Los Angeles and be treated as a great benefactor by the local populace (who got trampled in the rush to buy two million tickets a year and make O'Malley fabulously rich). He watched the same thing happen, on a smaller scale, to Horace Stoneham in San Francisco.

But, as was the case over 100 years ago, the amount of money to be made by going west was finite. Only the earliest proprietor(s) had the luxury of sitting back and counting the profits. Ask the California Angels about that. And ask Charles O. Finley.

Finley's big problem—the one he may never solve and the one that has forced him into his million-to-a-million-and-a-quarter reality—lies across San Francisco Bay in Candlestick Park. Southern California, you see, is vast enough to keep the Dodgers' home crowds coming, while sustaining the Angels' hopes—they are, after all, 50 miles away—that they may make it big if they ever stop being the duller team in baseball.

But Northern California is different. There just aren't that many people, and there aren't that many more on the way. San Francisco, itself, is actually losing population. Thus, the Athletics and Giants now split the crowds that the Giants had been accustomed to having all to themselves.

Horace Stoneham's club, in its best years, drew between 1.6 and 1.8 million fans. In 1968, they sold 837,220 tickets, a few hundred less than the A's—although some said this was because Finley occasionally counted empty seats. Be that as it may, in 1969, while the Oakland attendance was falling, the Giants did a little better, up to 873,603.

But the really important thing was the fact that the *total* attendance of the two teams was down some 23,000. That may not mean much in itself, yet the trend has

to be more than a little disturbing to both Finley and Stoneham.

Of course, if you're Finley you put on a brave front. The evening of the day he introduced broadcaster Harry Caray to the press, Charley O. went back to the same restaurant and hosted a dinner for a totally different crowd—businessmen who had promised to try and sell Athletics' season tickets.

"My goal," Finley told them, "is to beat hell out of the Giants in attendance and in the standings. That's healthy competition. I'm not the smartest guy in the world by far, but there's not one person around who can outthrust me. I'll work eight days a week if I have to."

Strong words, to be sure, though there was nothing about driving the Giants into the Bay or any of the really provocative stuff that might be expected of Finley under such conditions.

At the luncheon only hours before, he had discussed the same subject without benefit of a microphone. It came out a little bit different.

"I think," he told reporters, "there is room for two major league clubs here. We're very much in competition with the Giants, but it's not a fight-to-the-death type thing. I'd like to see both teams stay

*continued on page 80*



Former St. Louis Cardinal broadcaster Harry Caray—seen here recovering from an auto accident in 1968—will be the A's man on the mike in 1970.

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by Will Grimsley

# WHEN ASHE GETS HOT, THE SPARKS FLY

**A**rthur Ashe, Jr., is thin as a match stick and just as quick to ignite. Strike any part of his sepia surface—or jab any one of his tender nerves—and the sparks fly. Yet on the court, or even off it, he appears as limp and as loose as a piece of rope. He is so relaxed, in fact, that one fears he may fall asleep at any moment.

Ashe is, indeed, an enigma, but one point is eminently clear. He is tennis' outspoken—though relatively mild—revolutionary. He is a pioneer in short pants.

"I don't like labels, but you might call me a moderate militant," the young Negro net star admitted, as he poured his stringy, 6-1, 155-pound frame into a soft chair between matches.

"Among the black people, there are militants, moderates and conservatives. A man must make his decision. I'm not a militant. I'm not a moderate. I'm not a conservative. I'm somewhere in between.



Even with his deep-seated need to get involved, Arthur does not wear his feelings on his sleeve. But because he is bright, articulate and concerned, he refuses to be muted on main issues—whether they concern social status or have to do with tennis involvements





Ashe, left, and teammate Clark Graebner, right, brought the Davis Cup back to America early in 1969. Australia had held it since '64.

"There are those who want to kill and hurt people. Their motives may be pure but I don't agree with their methods. I could say today that I want to blow up Madison Square Garden. Tomorrow I'd find myself in Sing Sing, so how does it profit me or my race?"

Ashe is a black man in a stuffy, stiff-backed sport in which, previously, few black men have dared—or possessed the wherewithal—to trespass. He plays at fashionable country clubs where Negroes and other ethnic groups are often barred. He mingles with the snobs of society and the fickle jet set. They accept him because he has a serve like a thunderclap and a backhand like a flash of lightning.

Arthur is conscious of this and accepts it because, to his way of thinking, it's the best way to ultimately tear down the racial barriers.

"I don't want to go through life fuming," he says. "What good would it do? It's like beating your head against a concrete wall. But, perhaps, just by being here I can change things."

An unimposing figure with his slight body and spectacles, Arthur was once hailed at a swank club by a group of guests as he headed for the locker room.

"Hey, boy, bring us some water, will you," a man in a turtleneck shirt ordered.

Ashe gave the man a stony glare and continued on his way.

"I'm not eligible to join the Los

Angeles Tennis Club," he says. "Until last year, I was ineligible to become a member of the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills. When I got out of the Army and started looking for an apartment, do you think I could rent one just because it was available? You know I couldn't."

"I could get mad over the fact that I don't know my own background beyond one generation. All I know is that we got our name, like all other Negro families, from the slave masters who owned us."

In moving from one tournament to another, however, Ashe finds he is bugged more by whites who are overly solicitous and condescending than by those who are openly bigoted.

"People are always bending over to be nice to me," he points out. "They smile and ask if everything is all right. They go out of their way to treat me differently. I suppose it's because I am different. I'm black. It nettles me because I want to be accepted as a person, as a tennis player, as Arthur Ashe—not because I'm black."

Arthur is now 26. He has his degree from UCLA. He has fulfilled his military commitment to Uncle Sam, having served as a lieutenant in the U. S. Army. He has become a successful businessman—a sort of one-man conglomerate in the fashion of modern sports stars—with his various enterprises being handled by attorney

Donald Dell of Bethesda, Md., former U. S. Davis Cup captain. And he has the broad, wide world of tennis ahead of him.

Where does he go from here? Will he become the world's No. 1 player, as many of the experts predict? Or will he—because of his lack of total dedication—be satisfied to remain one of the game's top-ranking players . . . rich, successful, but never the overwhelmingly dominant figure in the sport? Will Arthur's drive for tennis greatness be affected by his ambition to improve the social structure of his race?

"I'll admit my greatest problem is attitude," he says. "Physically, I'm fine. My game is now in good shape. I should be able to do well in the tournaments, if I can only take myself in hand. Most of the matches I lose are due to a lack of concentration. Concentration amounts to about one and a half sets in every match I play."

An indication of Ashe's approach to the game came in the winter of 1965, during a successful campaign in Australia. He was awakened one morning by George MacCall, the U. S. Davis Cup captain, and told it was time to hit the road for calisthenics and practice.

Arthur rose from his bed, rubbed his half-closed eyes and replied, "Cee, Captain, can't we sit down and talk about it?"

He never hesitated in voicing his objections to the attempt by U. S. Davis Cup



When he beat Tom Okker of the Netherlands, left, for the singles title in the U.S. Open Tennis Championship at Forest Hills in 1968, Arthur registered the best win of his career.

With Ashe hurt in 1969, powerful Stan Smith rose to the No. 1 spot in the USLTA ratings.



captains to install the spartan training techniques which were a trademark of the successful Australian leader, Harry Hopman, who earned the nickname "Captain Bligh."

"I shiver every time I think of those Australians running and jumping and working out two on one," Ashe once said. "I don't go for all that woodchopping, weightlifting, muscle-building stuff. It drives me crazy."

Nevertheless, the hackles rise on the back of Arthur's neck when people intimate that he lacks the killer instinct.

"I feel that fighting qualities manifest themselves in different ways," he says. "They claim Pancho Gonzales has the killer instinct. It shows. He's like a

panther out there. It's true I don't want to kill anybody on the tennis court. But I want to win as much as anybody."

Arthur acknowledges that there *are* periods when his concentration wanders.

"Sometimes, when things are going badly, I lose interest," he explains. "I start thinking about a million things. I think about home. I think about my girl. I think about getting married. I say to myself, 'What in the Hell am I doing out here, anyway?' When I'm playing well and winning, the lapses in concentration become fewer and farther between."

Although slender and seemingly frail, Ashe has all the physical requirements for tennis greatness. His big weapon is his service, one of the deadliest the game has known. Its speed has been clocked at 115 miles per hour, three miles per hour faster than Pancho Gonzales' delivery at its blazing best.

Ashe glides across a court with such ease and grace that his fellow players have dubbed him "The Shadow." He is like a cat. His anticipation is uncanny and his reflexes are lightning quick. If there is any fault in his make-up, it is his tendency to relax no matter how intense the battle. Every muscle in his wiry body appears limp, every nerve at ease.

"I try to dangle on the court," Arthur says. "The ideal attitude is to be physically loose and mentally taut. I am usually physically loose, but I fear I too often get mentally loose also."

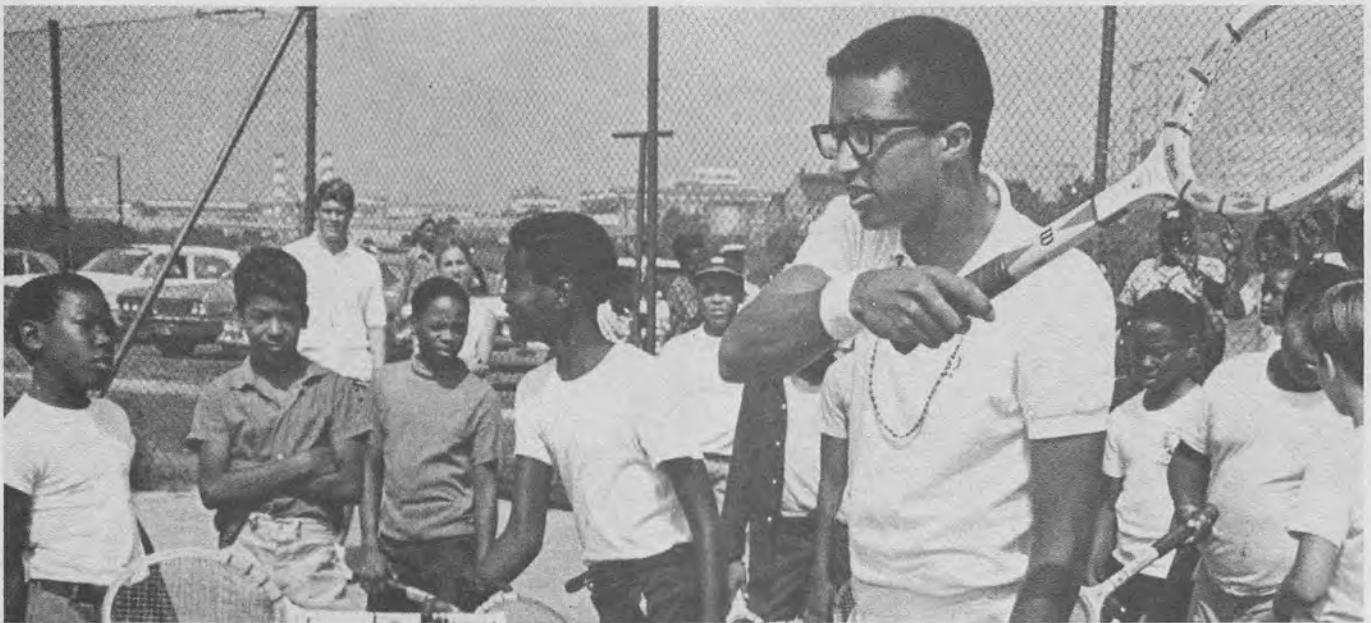
Ashe is the complete player. He has a remarkable touch. His repertoire consists of a distracting variety of drop shots, stop volleys and neat lobs. He mixes finesse with power.

Few men who ever played the game have boasted a more destructive backhand. They say he has around 17 different backhand shots and is often in a dilemma on which to use—whether to chop it back at the net-rusher's feet, or slam it cross-court with a full top-spin



The best tennis player in the world today—and top seed in every tourney—is Rod Laver.





Arthur had a rich benefactor as a kid, which enabled him to make good in tennis. He wants other black youngsters to have that chance.

swipe the way Don Budge once cut down his adversaries.

Ashe's tennis career has been spotty—probably peaking and dipping according to his moods. He appeared headed for the top in the winter of 1965 and 1966, when he swept to titles in Australian state tournaments at Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide, scoring victories over such as Roy Emerson, John Newcombe and Fred Stolle.

Harry Hopman called him, "The most promising player in the world today."

However, Arthur stepped off a Melbourne curb, hurt his ankle and was unable to carry on his sweep through the Australian championships. He returned home, entered military service and passed up both Wimbledon and Forest Hills.

He made his comeback in 1968 when, after gaining the semifinals at Wimbledon, he won the U.S. Championship at Brookline, Mass. He was the first American since Tony Trabert (in 1955) to take the title, and followed it up with a sensational upset triumph in the U.S. Open at Forest Hills, outclassing the world's greatest amateurs and pros.

If Ashe's fans figured this would prove the stepping stone to complete dominance of the game, they were soon to be disappointed. For, in 1969, his career suffered a temporary setback.

Early in the year, he was plagued with eye trouble and there were rumors he would never again be able to play tennis effectively. Arthur whipped his eyesight problem—although he is still forced to wear glasses—and then developed a kink in his right elbow. It restricted his service to three-quarter speed.

With his major weapon blunted, he proved no match for the men he had formerly been able to blow off the tennis court—particularly Stan Smith, the 6-4

For years, Ashe has been battling to play tennis in South Africa, a country whose apartheid policies do not permit a mixing of the races. As in the past, his 1970 request was denied.



*continued on page 81*



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# HOYT WILHELM

# “I CAN PITCH TILL I’M 60”

**by Furman Bisher**



At an age when the average American male begins looking around for a comfortable pair of house slippers and an easy chair, and starts carrying photos of grandchildren instead of children in his wallet, Hoyt Wilhelm is looking ahead to pitching in his 1,000th major league game.

On July 26, he'll be 47 years old. Pitching has been his line of work for 28 years. No other man has ever appeared in as

many major league games—989 going into the current season. Only one other hurler has toiled at a more advanced age in the major leagues. John Quinn Picus, who played under the name of Jack Quinn, reached the end of his career with Cincinnati in 1933, at the age of 49.

Once Wilhelm had thrown his final pitch for the Atlanta Braves last season, after helping them to the Western Division championship of the National League, he was asked a very familiar question by a sportswriter:

"How many more years do you think you can go on pitching, Hoyt?"

"Look, somebody is always asking me that question," he said, "and the answer is that I simply don't know. I read that Vince Lombardi claims you're only as old as you play. The way I feel now, I can pitch until I'm 60. I know I'm going to pitch as long as possible because there's no reason to quit."

The story of Hoyt Wilhelm is remarkable in that he was approaching his 29th birthday before he even reached the major leagues. He was buried in the obscurity of Class D loops for years, passed up and passed over and apparently condemned to a life of oblivion forever. In 1942, he worked for the Mooresville Moors of the North Carolina State League. In 1946, he pitched for the Mooresville Moors. In 1947, he was still pitching for the Mooresville Moors. The only reason he didn't pitch for them in 1943, 1944 and 1945 is that he was away on a hunting trip in Europe. He toted a bazooka around the forests of France, Belgium and Germany hunting Nazis for the U.S. Army.

*The much-traveled righthander, who now holds just about every relief record in the books, will mark his 47th birthday on July 26. But he claims that his arm is as sound as ever, and that his knuckler is as perplexing as it used to be*

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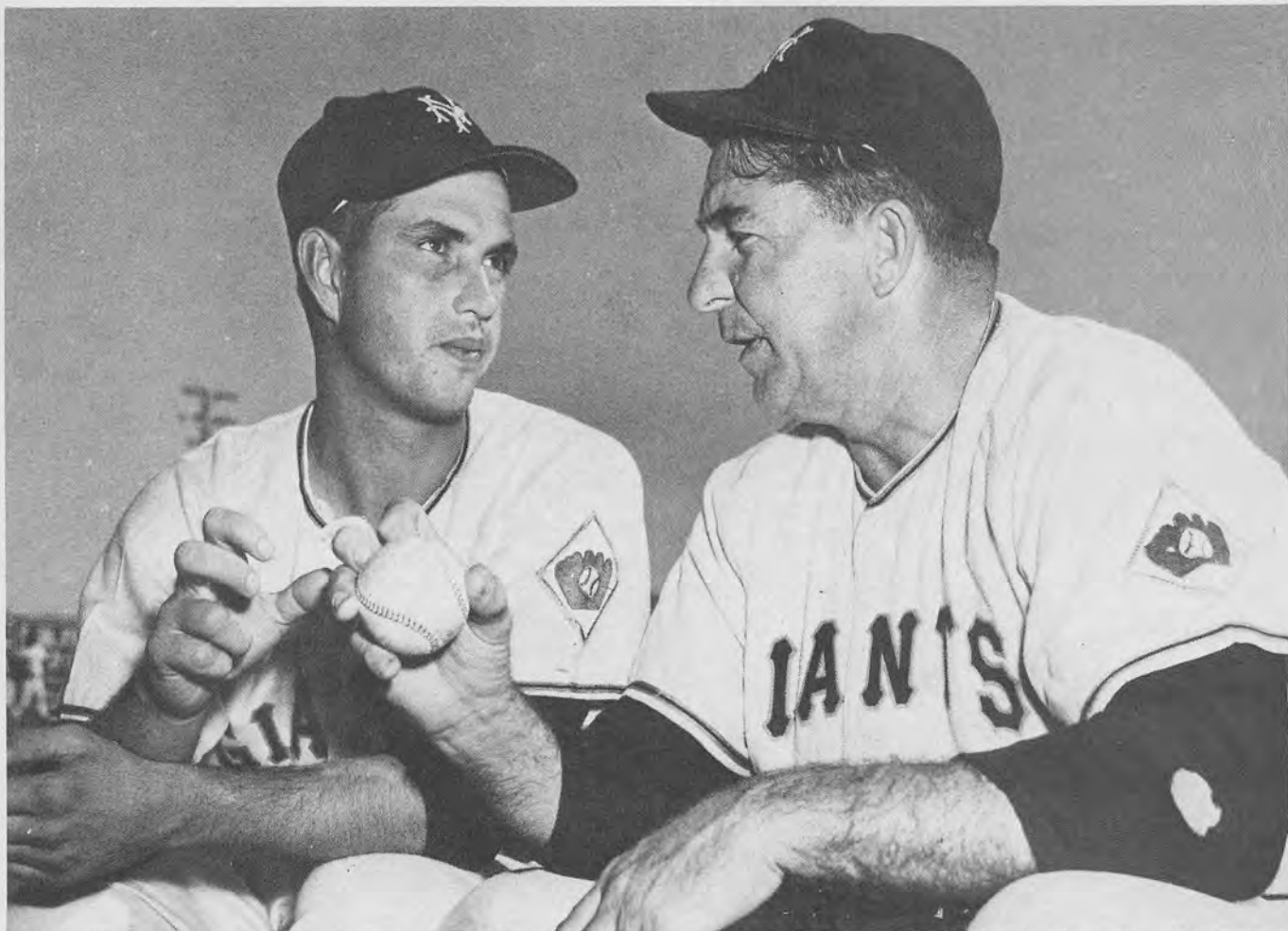
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Wilhelm first made it to the major leagues with the New York Giants in 1952. That's pitching coach Freddie Fitzsimmons tutoring him.

There, too, Hoyt had a rather unconventional career. The average "life" of a bazooka gunner was said to be something like a minute and 30 seconds. But Wilhelm survived the dangerous task for more than a year.

He pitched in Mooresville so long that he began to believe it was the only place in the world where buses arrived, but never departed.

The name "Wilhelm" came up as the winning pitcher with such regularity, that it was assumed he either owned the town mercantile store or was so deeply in debt he couldn't pitch his way out of bondage. As a rookie in '42, just removed from behind the handles of a plow on his father's farm some 15 miles away, Hoyt won 10 games. In 1946 he won 25 games. The next season he won 20.

He had only one thing going against him—his pitch. He was strictly a knuckleballer, and in those days the knuckleball was considered an "old man's" instrument. ("It's just an extra pitch," George Weiss once said of the knuckler, "except for a veteran hurler. It can do bad things to a young pitcher.")

Let's examine the case and see exactly what damage the knuckleball has done to Wilhelm, for it has never been a sometime pitch with him.

"I began throwing knucklers from the time I was in high school," he recalls.

Seventeen years later, in 1969, Hoyt and Rico Carty are a pair of happy Braves after a win over the Houston Astros. The victory reduced Atlanta's magic number to two in the NL West.



"There was only one occasion when I tried to give it up. The manager at Mooresville was an old-timer named Ginger Watts, and he had the same idea most everybody else had then—that the knuckleball was something you developed only after you lost your fastball. He told me I had to change, or I'd never get anywhere in baseball.

"I tried switching to curves and fastballs like other pitchers and I got my brains knocked out. So I went back to

the knuckleball and Ginger never brought it up again."

Watts was right about one thing. Wilhelm almost *didn't* get anywhere in baseball, and when he finally escaped Mooresville after a couple of 20-game seasons, it was on a conditional basis.

A Boston Braves' scout named Gil English took him for the club's Class B farm team at Evansville, Ind. Before Hoyt ever made it to spring training, however, the New York Giants, on the



With the Chicago White Sox in 1964, Wilhelm teamed with Eddie Fisher, center, to give the club a pair of knuckleball aces. J.C. Martin, left, used an oversized mitt to handle the pitch.

recommendation of scout Bill Harris, drafted him for their Jacksonville farm club in the old Sally League.

It took four more years of his life to reach the varsity, then stationed at the Polo Grounds in New York, in 1952. His "old man's" pitch has achieved the following results for James Hoyt Wilhelm since then:

—He has appeared in more games (989) than any pitcher in history, breaking the record held by Cy Young with the Chicago White Sox in 1968.

—He was the first rookie to ever lead a major league in both won-lost percentage and earned run average (1952).

—He is the only pitcher to ever lead both major leagues in earned run average (1952 NL, 1959 AL).

—He has compiled the lowest lifetime earned run average in history (.246).

—He has hurled a no-hit game.

—As a reliever, he has won more games, pitched in more games, toiled more innings, finished more contests and set more records than anyone who ever played the game.

The secret of Wilhelm's durability, which is really no secret at all, is the serve he uses and the way he uses it. Going into this season, he had averaged only 2.1 innings per appearance, but this is a deceiving figure. It does not take into account the number of innings he has worked in the bullpen, warming up for spot duty.

The delivery he employs imposes a modicum of strain on his arm.

"I don't throw hard," he admits. "I vary the speed, almost never throwing with the same velocity on two straight pitches. You don't control the knuckler like you control other pitches, so I try to throw for an area, not a spot. Most of

all, you've got to be consistent with it. You've got to get the ball the way you want it on almost every pitch. You can get by with one that doesn't 'knuckle' now and then, but you can't let it happen too often."

There was a time when the ideal relief pitchers were fellows who threw fire. But their fuses were short, and they glowed brightly and burned out quickly. It was a special trend after World War II, and some of the short-burners were Joe Page, Clyde King, Jim Konstanty, Harry Dorish, Ryne Duren and Ed Roebuck. A few defied the norm, the most notable being Don McMahon, but over the long haul the most effective relievers have been those whose repertoire included an off-beat pitch, such as the knuckleball or, as in the case of Elroy Face, the fork ball.

Even within the knuckleball realm, there are distinct variations.

"No two grips are alike," Wilhelm explains. "After I got to Atlanta last year, I was comparing my grip with Phil Niekro's. There's no way I could throw the ball the way he does. I cradle mine between the tips of my index and middle finger and my thumb. He rests his on the heel of his hand. There's more of a pitching delivery to Phil's knuckler than there is to mine."

The wear and tear, then, is considerably lessened on Hoyt's arm:

"Last season, I worked close to 100 innings in 52 games. The way I look at it, as a short-relief man I can pitch 50 to 60 games and 100 innings and it's a pretty good year for me. My arm never felt better than it did in 1969. I may be vain for saying it, but I think I'm throwing the ball as good as I ever did. As long as I'm getting 'em out, I know I'm still doing all right."

Condition has never been a problem for Wilhelm. He keeps his weight in the middle 180's. He stays in the field with his hunting dogs a good deal during the winter and does a respectable amount of running during the season. He has lost time to injury only once during his career, and then it took a mechanical pitching machine to put the human pitching machine out of action. A serve struck him and broke one of his knuckling fingers in a bunting exercise back in 1966. It caused him to miss the first two months of the season with the White Sox.

Once again, he was consigned to the boneyard—an act that has been taking place ever since the Giants traded him to St. Louis for his old friend and North Carolina neighbor, Whitey Lockman. Hoyt had tapered off from a 15-3 record as a rookie to a 4-9 log in 1956, and manager Bill Rigney is said to have figured that his best days were past.

It was a calculation that appeared accurate. With St. Louis, Wilhelm could do nothing right and was soon on his way to Cleveland. He paused there only





CLYDE KING



ELROY FACE



ED ROEBUCK

long enough to plant the seed that germinated into a large and glorious change in his life. The Cleveland staff was running low on starters. Bob Lemon was hurt, Mike Garcia was down with a bad back and Herb Score had almost been decapitated by a line drive off the bat of New York's Gil McDougald.

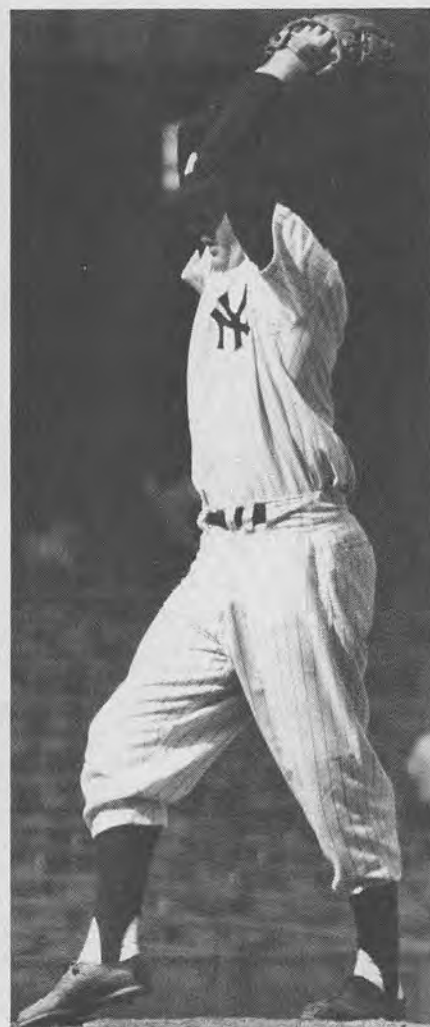
"Why don't you just give me the ball and let me pitch?" Hoyt asked Tribe skipper Bobby Bragan. The manager complied and received 11 innings of fine pitching in return.

But Frank Lane, who had traded Wilhelm from St. Louis, soon arrived in Cleveland to general-manage the Indians, and disposed of him all over again. This time it was to Baltimore, where field boss Paul Richards allowed him to continue his sprouting career as a starter. One of

his first efforts as an Oriole turned out to be the no-hitter, fashioned on Sept. 20, 1958, against the New York Yankees.

It was Hoyt's first ever victory for Baltimore. He followed up with 15 more the next season, when he proved that he was both effective and durable as a starter and hung up an earned run average of 2.19 to lead the league. The following year, some of Richards' young Birds matured and he was returned to the bullpen, quite content with himself.

As he's moved from Baltimore to the White Sox to California to Atlanta, Wilhelm's pitching, like fine wine, has improved with age. Beginning with 1962, his last season at Baltimore, he has allowed his earned run average to drift above 2.00 in only two campaigns. He has shown no inclination to reduce his



RYNE DUREN

work load, averaging nearly 60 appearances a season.

Yet, the executive minds of baseball find it difficult to place any credence in this phenomenon. Three times since 1958 he has been disposed of via the waiver route. When the American League expanded in 1968, Chicago failed to put him on its "protected" list.

His most recent waiver trip occurred last September, when Paul Richards, now the general manager of the Braves, took him off California's hands to help his team win the NL West. It was a move that endorsed itself gloriously. Wilhelm pitched in eight games, winning two and saving four on an allowance of 0.75 runs per nine innings.

"You realize, of course, that you're just about as much of a cinch for the Hall of Fame as Henry Aaron," a reporter remarked to him last season.

Hoyt jerked his head erect—he carries it in a starboard tilt—in a way that said, no, he hadn't realized it, nor had he given it serious thought.

Obviously, he had tried to relate two extremes in his mind—Cooperstown, on the one hand, and on the other, that "skin" diamond in Mooresville and those seven years in the "bush." It didn't come out right. But it will. ▲



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During one game, Tony's turn at bat came up. All of a sudden, he saw the ball well. He hit it better. He wouldn't dare tell himself that something was happening, but he began taking batting practice and each time the ball would look less blurred. His depth perception definitely had improved. When he swung the bat, he connected solidly. He went out to the outfield to play a few games. He could see fly balls well, no sweat, no fuzz. He called Bosox general manager Dick O'Connell to tell him the news.

"Come on back up here," O'Connell said. "Let's get the doctors to look at you. I don't understand it."

"I don't either," admitted Conigliaro, "and I'm even scared to think what I'm thinking. I'm just hoping. I'll be at the hospital as quickly as I can get there."

The hole in the retina was no longer there. Somehow, it had closed up and all that remained was some scar tissue—nature's way of protecting what had once again become a normal retina.

"Don't ask me how. Don't ask me why," said the doctor. "But you now have 20/20 in your left eye."

"The next day," recalls Tony, "I ordered a new supply of bats. I had thrown them all away. I'd even given my gloves away. I really didn't believe I'd ever be able to use them again."

So it was back to Winter Haven for the opening of the 1969 spring training season. Tony was chipper. He seemed the same old swinging Tony C. One day when the pitchers had begun to throw hard he stepped into the batting cage, a helmet flap protecting the left side of his face, his stance four inches further away from the plate than it formerly was. He used a 36-inch bat instead of the customary 34½-incher he swung before the beaming. But when the pitch came in, he found himself pulling his head back involuntarily. He had seen the ball as clearly as ever, yet he had flinched unconsciously.

"I shouldn't be doing that," he told himself, as he motioned for the next serve. "This time I got to make it."

Cut. Dissolve. Shift the scene to Baltimore's Memorial Stadium on opening day. Tony strikes out. Tony walks. It's the fifth inning and the Red Sox are leading, 2-1. Dave Leonhard is pitching for the Orioles. On a 2-2 pitch, Conig drills one up the middle into center field. He has his first major league base hit in 589 days. The game moves into extra innings and in the 10th, with Pete Richert pitching, he becomes swinging Tony C again by blasting one out of the ball park.

"I had 104 home runs for an awful long time," he says, "and I'm never going to forget No. 105."

That the Orioles tied it in their half

of the inning and the Red Sox eventually won it in the 12th, when Conig scored the winning run after opening with a walk, isn't really important. What is important is that Tony had come all the way back.

This wasn't the swinging kid who had been fined \$10 the day of his first major league game because he got to the ball park late. Nor was it the youngster who went on, as he was to say later, "to bigger and better things." Such as getting fined \$500 by manager Johnny Pesky and then \$1,000 by manager Billy Herman, and having words with skipper Dick Williams last year.

This was Tony Conigliaro, the man. He is sensitive. He is sentimental. And what he remembers is that when he lay on the critical list in the hospital, millionaire owner Tom Yawkey came to his bedside and held his hand. Manager Williams, who was involved in a pennant race, did not. Nor did he even write a letter to the stricken youngster who had been his roommate as a rookie.

This Tony C gets stacks of letters. He can have an assortment of girl friends. There are times, when he comes to the ball park in Boston, that he hides behind a large hat and dark glasses. But let a real good-looker come along and handsome Tony will give her the double-O over the shades.

He might even walk by her and swing around to get another look, the way he now looks over every pitch, the way he sees every seam on every serve. You might say it's the swinging scene of Tony C. He knows what to do with his eyes. He knows what to do with his bat. The ball is as big as a paper moon, and the bitter tea has sugar in it. ▲

## COMPUTER QUARTERBACKS

*continued from page 23*

In auto racing, he came within one-tenth of a second of predicting the winning speed of the 1969 Indianapolis 500—which turned out to be 156.9 miles per hour, as against his call of 157.0. And, in football, he correctly called the Los Angeles Rams' decline in playoff competition, the Minnesota Vikings' rise to power, and the Kansas City Chiefs' post-season upset of the Oakland Raiders. He was wrong on the Super Bowl, picking Minnesota to beat KC. But he rated the Chiefs within a couple of points of the Vikes, whereas most observers figured them vastly inferior.

By measuring differences and improvements from game to game and season to season, the computer can predict reliably, if not precisely, the teams that are moving into contending status in a given sport. While the figures indicate, pending critical personnel changes, that Minnesota and Kansas City are in good shape to meet again in the 1971 Super Bowl, Goode ranks the following clubs

as pro football's emerging powers:

1. Washington Redskins
2. New Orleans Saints
3. Detroit Lions
4. Cincinnati Bengals
5. Atlanta Falcons

His computer studies have led him to believe that offense is about five per cent more important than defense in determining a team's success or failure. This is not a great difference, however, and a team with an especially effective defense, such as Baltimore's in 1968 and Minnesota's in 1969, is more than able to make it up.

He has also found that, in college football, running is three times as important as passing in determining a team's success or failure. But in pro football, passing is three times as important as running.

Although it varies from team to team according to personnel, Goode ranks the following as the keys to success:

1. Defense against passing
2. Passing offense
3. Field goal kicking
4. Defensive line play
5. Offensive line play

Although Goode's machine tells him the Baltimore Colts made a mistake in returning to the old pro, Johnny Unitas, instead of the man who led them to the NFL title in 1968, Earl Morrall, it also tells him that the single most important factor in Baltimore's decline came with the decline in effectiveness of its pass defense.

The single most important play in football, according to Goode, is the pass interception. It is this, he says, which causes most upsets. He has even found that the distance interceptions are returned correlates to the degree of success or failure. A team that makes one interception more than its foe will win most of the time because an interception often makes a difference of as much as 14 points. The least important? The punt.

While admitting that a really outstanding defensive back or linebacker might be so much better than anyone else on his team that his value would rise accordingly, Goode assesses the following as the most important positions on the average pro outfit:

1. Quarterback
2. Defensive signal-caller
3. Defensive backs (including linebackers)
4. Pass receivers
5. Field goal kicker
6. Defensive linemen
7. Offensive linemen
8. Running backs

There is, of course, much overlapping of responsibilities. He found passers better able to overcome the problem of poor receivers than could receivers overcome poor passers. He found that the passers were slightly more important than any

*continued on page 76*



# An Important Message To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchy scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

## HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubefacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its

keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

## COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

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Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors  
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."  
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."  
—D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."  
—D. W. G., c/o FPO, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."  
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."  
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."  
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now, my hair looks quite thick."  
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."  
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics'. But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."  
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."  
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."  
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"  
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## COMPUTER QUARTERBACKS

*continued from page 74*

single group of defenders in determining success or failure of the aerial game, although defensive signal-callers, defensive backs (including linebackers), and defensive linemen occupy three of the six most critical positions.

Goode tries hard to rely on objective analysis more than on subjective reasoning. He must weigh and place values on various aspects of play, but does this with the computer's help as much as possible. He obtains all available statistics and has the kind of mind that can sift and arrange facts neatly. He calls his computer, "Knut the Astute."

With the pros getting ready to head back to training camp, Goode will be ready with a new stack of inputs and read-outs for the 1970 season. "Knut" has pro football down to a science! ▲

## MARIO ANDRETTI

*continued from page 29*

vehicle, do a top job in midgets the next day, and follow that up two days later by wheeling around the track in a stock car. Mario is a "gunner"—a guy who knows nothing but leading the pack. He has won the pole position in more than a fourth of his 90-odd major races, but still claims he doesn't punish race cars.

"I try to get every inch out of every spark plug, gallon of gasoline and brake shoe," he admits, "but I'm not unkind to cars. When you're a front-runner, your problems are noticed more and somebody says you beat a car to death. Not me. I just try to get everything the automobile is capable of giving and turn it into more miles per hour."

Andretti's skill was proved over the long haul in 1969, as he took the USAC driving title with 5,025 points. Along the way, he won nine races. The young man from Italy was the first driver ever to top 5,000 points, and erased the pain of losing the 1967 crown to Foyt and the 1968 title to Bobby Unser by only 11 measly points.

Racing has made life comfortable for Mario. His victory at Indy was worth \$206,727, which comes to a nice hunk even after the split with Granatelli. Other major triumphs accounted for an additional \$149,431 last season, and a \$7,125 check was his for grabbing the USAC driving championship.

"It's going to be hard to top 1969, but I'll try," he says. "Racing has been kind to me and I hope to repay it by being good to racing. It's a wonderful sport that's being made as safe as possible by men from the automotive and racing industries. There will always be problems when you scoot along at 200 miles an hour, but at least you feel better knowing that brilliant people have put your car

together for you."

Andretti had just such high-speed difficulties during his ninth victory of 1969, as he salted away the USAC title:

"The balance bar on my left wheel jammed at the start of the race. I had no brakes at the rear, only in the front. Each time I took a curve, the front wheels locked and I thought I was going to crash. The car was really safe only on the straightaways."

Mario knows that no matter how up-to-snuff the machine might be when an event begins, you've got to handle problems that pop up once the green flag is dropped.

"Fear is something you talk about when you're out of the race car," he states. "When you're sailing down the track you've got enough to think about. You worry about how well something will work. There's not much time to fret about its failure. If you do you're looking for problems."

Thus, the Mario Andretti philosophy:

"You drive as hard and as safely as you possibly can . . . you hope your car will hold up better than the next guy's . . . you pray nobody will get hurt . . . and you pull out all the stops to win the race. After it's over, you thank God you're okay and, if you've won, you thank Him for that, too." ▲

## McDOWELL-KOUFAX

*continued from page 33*

tered by all the attention," he says. "Who wouldn't be? It was a natural reaction. But it wasn't good for me because too often it destroyed my concentration. I mean, all the interviews and pictures took time away from other things."

"Another thing it did was get me to the point where I tried to throw beyond my natural ability. When I struck out a few guys, I went speed crazy. I tried to impress people, but all I did was hurt my arm."

That attitude began to change with the appearance of Dark on the scene—and Alvin's tactical maneuver in openly suggesting two years ago that perhaps McDowell's potential was limited to being a 14 or 15-game winner.

"It was strictly 'psychological,'" Dark explains. "It didn't have anything to do with an estimate of Sam's talent. Everybody knew what he was capable of. I just wanted to take the pressure off him so I said, 'Who knows if he's going to be just a 14 or 15-game winner, or if he's going to be great. Let's wait and see.'"

Either McDowell didn't see through the ploy or, as seems more likely, accepted the "let's wait and see" challenge for exactly what it was. With added maturity, he was able to walk out to the mound, relax and pitch Sam McDowell's game—no more, no less.

"I think," he says, "I've finally reached the point where I know Sam McDowell,

which is unique. I know what I have to do now. I've even been talking to myself a little between pitches."

"It's not that I'm cracking up. It's just that I don't have the gift of concentration. So I have to keep reminding myself to do the things I know I should, like telling myself, 'Keep the ball down . . . keep the ball down.' It's my way of concentrating—my way of blocking out other things."

That Sam's change is attributable to the maturity Dark has fostered is undoubtedly true. McDowell speaks of Alvin in tones that single him out as something special.

"As far as I am concerned," he says with open admiration, "Dark is the greatest man—not just the greatest manager—in the world. Just talking to him does things for a man. And that's the most important thing a manager can do—get the best out of each and every one of his players."

"As a strategist, he shows me things I never even dreamed before. He has it all. You enjoy giving 100 per cent. Playing for him is a pleasure, not a trial like it was with other managers."

Dark, then, has obviously struck a chord in McDowell that others failed to touch. And he has also tried to supply something more tangible for his big southpaw—runs. Sam hasn't had too many to work with in the last two years, particularly in 1968 when he lost nine games by a single tally—two of them by 1-0 scores—and was on the mound six times when the Indians were shut out.

"I think we have a much better ball club behind him this year," says Dark. "With Vada Pinson (acquired from St. Louis) in right field and Ted Uhlaender (acquired from Minnesota) in center, we should produce more scores than we did a year ago."

"You know, when McDowell is pitching well he'll average one strikeout an inning. But that's not what's important. With the kind of pitcher Sam is, with his stuff and a good ball club behind him, he should win something like 23 and lose only seven or eight."

But Dark isn't as concerned with the magic of a 20-victory season as most people are.

"The way things went for us last year," he admits, "it didn't matter to me how many games he won. I was more interested in his winning percentage."

That, however, is one point where the mutual admiration society between pitcher and manager takes a small detour, and becomes a matter between employee and general manager. While freely admitting that Dark's criteria is sound, McDowell also admits that he cherishes a 20-victory season. Not just because of pride, but because of the financial rewards. It used to be only pride, as it was following his 17-victory season in 1965, when he said:

*continued on page 78*

Kiyo Mi Gawa  
says:

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When worn, THE SHOCKER gives you astonishing self defense capability; dangerous and deadly. Just slip it on, use it to its best effect, and you have a power at your command equal to a very strong force in nature. Now you can exert minimum effort to get maximum effect. Imagine what this can do to your unsuspecting opponents and molesters. You can disable attackers, overcome muggers; in fact, render opponents helpless and hurt. THE SHOCKER can also help you stun several attackers and protect your loved ones from insult and injury.

### Have You Ever Been In This Dangerous Situation?

- You are walking down a dark and lonely street with your girl friend when two bullies burst out of an alley.
- You are anywhere talking with friends, and a dangerous drunk starts a fight.
- You are cornered by two toughs, looking for trouble.
- You're relaxing at home and an intruder suddenly appears.

These are just a few of the problems and dangers that can crop up unexpectedly. The newspapers are full of such sad stories.

NOW WITH THE SHOCKER YOU HAVE AN ANSWER WHERE THERE WAS NONE BEFORE.

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Other forms of effective self defense, the martial arts, require long, painful practice. Protection and power come ONLY after years of training and hundreds of dollars in cost. THE SHOCKER does away with all that! Learning its use to maximum effect is quick. Using THE SHOCKER is even faster . . . it slips on in seconds. When its correct use is learned, and applied, you get a devastating force added to your hand. This force, The "Cripple Cushion Principle" is ingeniously built into THE SHOCKER. It comes to your assistance for instant defense and retaliation.

## AND WHAT'S AS IMPORTANT . . . THE SHOCKER GIVES YOU CONFIDENCE

With it, you may feel you are prepared for anything. This secret feeling of power gives you pride and self assurance. It's that extra "something" others should recognize. You can be known as a man who is not only fearless, but to be feared and respected. Yes, you know THE SHOCKER, with its power of positive

action potential can be unleashed in just seconds. You know you can work it almost instantly against the vulnerable points of your attacker's body. You know THE SHOCKER WORKS. This knowledge, together with its most effective, correctly applied use, are your secret power . . . a power for good . . . a power for security and safety.

### THE SHOCKER AND ITS CORRECT USE IS SO POWERFUL THAT ITS EFFECT IS GRADED INTO 5 CRIPPLING CATEGORIES

- |                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| #1 The Tipper  | #3 The Paralyzer |
| #2 The Painer  | #The Staggerer   |
| #5 The Stunner |                  |

These are general categories. The Secret Instruction Book (illustrated) sent FREE with your SHOCKER explains each category. It shows how shockingly vulnerable the body is at so many points and areas.

## WHAT IS THE SHOCKER?

THE SHOCKER is a fantastic invention, specially developed for the average, untrained . . . even weak and often defenseless man who is at the mercy of bullies, big mouths and muggers. THE SHOCKER slips on in seconds and gives you an almost instant, effective self defense. It does away with intense, tiresome training, practice and study. THE SHOCKER TECHNIQUE READIES YOU IN SECONDS WITH SHOCKING PARALYZING STRIKING POWER AND PROTECTION. THE SHOCKER requires no unusual strength or muscle power to use. It can work for anyone. THE SHOCKER makes clever, automatic use of a deadly defense principle used for years by Karate experts. And now this very principle, which can break board or bone, works for you thanks to its ingenious design. Slip it on and you can deliver body blows and crippling chops to any attacker . . . even when the dirtiest form of fighting is used against you. If used correctly, and to its maximum effect, THE SHOCKER can produce paralyzing pain waves in your opponents body that can leave him disabled, hurt and frightened.

## HERE IS THE SECRET SHOCKER PRINCIPLE



This x-ray view shows THE SHOCKER's "Crippling Cushion" of air. This is the secret!

This helps add pneumatic power to your hand. A good example of its damaging effect is the way air hammers smash through solid concrete. Imagine this being used on your enemies.

## WHO IS KIYO MI GAWA?

Born in Tokyo, KIYO MI GAWA seriously studied all types of unarmed Combat techniques for many years. His teachers were the finest from the world over. His dedication and practice helped him become a recognized master of unarmed self defense and earn 21 highly prized titles. KIYO MI GAWA'S experience taught him that Judo, Jiu-Jitsu, and Karate are too difficult for the average person to learn in a short time. Yet some form of self defense system or technique is necessary as today's streets are dangerous. Because of this, he painstakingly developed, tested and perfected THE SHOCKER so that anyone can have an instantly effective system of self defense with crippling capability. THE SHOCKER, thanks to KIYO MI GAWA, gives you the paralyzing striking force that a Karate expert has in breaking board, brick or bone.

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When you receive THE SHOCKER throw away all other books and methods of self defense. Nothing compares or even comes near it. THE SHOCKER is sent complete with SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTION BOOK that gives you the secrets of its most effective use. There is nothing else to buy. You will soon see how THE SHOCKER makes an active defense (or attack) possible to its greatest potential. Because of this power potential it is sold to law abiding citizens only, who must honor the pledge below.



### WARNING: When You Carry THE SHOCKER You Are Armed.

**FREE** This LAPEL PIN, THE SIGN OF THE SPLIT SKULL, will be sent to you when you order THE SHOCKER and instruction book. We ask that you wear it at all times as a warning to would-be attackers of the fantastic power in your mind and hand.

## ORDER NOW. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Order THE SHOCKER with complete confidence that you are getting a most effective self defense. THE SHOCKER and instruction book must be all you expect, and all we promise, or return for an immediate and full refund of your purchase price. Order Now. Use Pledge Coupon Below.

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Rush my SHOCKER KIT and Lapel Pin at once. I must be satisfied in every way or I will return it, for a full refund of my purchase price. I promise to use my SHOCKER for self defense purposes only. As a law abiding person I will not let anyone else use it, nor will I allow my SHOCKER to fall into the hands of anyone dangerous or irresponsible.  
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"You're not a big-league pitcher unless you win 20. I don't give a damn if Whitey Ford (ace lefty for the New York Yankees) didn't win 20 for nine years. For those nine years he wasn't a big-league pitcher."

But now, it's an appreciation of money, too—and, very possibly, that's also part of a more mature attitude.

"Sure, pride is important," McDowell claims, "and 20 victories is the yardstick everybody uses to judge you. You win 20 and you're very good. If you win only 19, people tend to forget about it. But it's really more than that. The difference between winning 20 games and 19 is at least \$20,000 at contract time."

Now, however, there is only an appreciation of that—no predictions of 20-victory seasons as in the past. For McDowell realizes that there are too many factors, other than himself, to be considered in setting that type of goal.

"I stopped setting goals last year," he explains. "And I know I'm thinking right now. Before, I was all messed up because I tried to think *too* much. I would still like to win 20, as a matter of pride. But maybe, because of that pride, I'm not setting any goals for myself."

So there aren't any goals. But there's always that pedestal to climb. ▲

**BRIAN PICCOLO***continued from page 38*

honestly believe I was accomplishing something."

Piccolo, who played at 202 in 1969, lost 22 pounds while hospitalized. But he was back to 190 three months later, and is now close to playing weight.

"I'll gain it all back once I get to training camp," he says hopefully.

If he does attend camp, of course, he'll be facing another uphill battle. But it won't be anything new for him.

As a star at a small Catholic high school in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., he went almost unnoticed by college recruiters. Most of the headlines were reserved for public school star Tucker Frederickson. (Tucker and Brian are now close friends and the New York Giant back visited Piccolo at Memorial Hospital.)

"In my senior year of high school I had a lot of long-range touchdowns, but nobody seemed to notice. I remember one game where I averaged 50 yards a carry in the second half."

Still, he was offered college scholarships by only two schools—Wake Forest and "Florida Military something-or-other."

"That was my first puzzle, right there," he laughs. "I wondered, have I got three ears or something I don't know about?"

At Wake Forest, success didn't come easy, either. The Deacons weren't very

good. They finished 1-19 during Piccolo's sophomore and junior seasons, then vaulted to a 5-5 record his senior year. Despite a sensational senior season, during which he led the nation in rushing offense with 1,044 yards in 252 carries, nobody saw fit to draft him:

"I was scouted by a lot of teams and I even got a letter from Vince Lombardi a couple of days before the draft, telling me that the Green Bay Packers had put me on their 'preferred' list of players. I honestly thought I'd go to Green Bay. What happened on draft day was the biggest shocker of my life . . . that is, until the tumor came along."

Exactly what did happen?

"Well, first I was contacted by this National Football League baby-sitter, Tony Smilgen. A nice guy. He wanted to hide me in the Bahamas, all expenses paid, of course, so the American Football League couldn't get to me. Naturally, I was impressed. He told me that unless at least three teams were after me, I wouldn't have qualified for my own baby-sitter."

"Since I was getting married, though, I wanted to be in Atlanta to be fitted for a tuxedo and everything. So he rented a suite of rooms in the big Holiday Inn there. He was that determined to hide me from the AFL."

"Well, I was a naive college kid and I figured I must surely be scheduled to go somewhere in the first round. All the while he's giving me the pitch, 'Brian, the NFL is this and the NFL is that.' You know, the whole smear."

"Then the first round goes by and I'm a little disappointed. But I figure, 'Oh, hell, two or three isn't bad. Those guys will be making big money, too.' Well, the first round took something like 18 hours. Joe Namath and all those big names. It was a great year for the draft."

"I really started to go into shock when they got up into double figures. Now it began to get funny, too, because here's this NFL baby-sitter and he keeps calling New York and saying, 'What in the hell is going on up there?' In a way, I felt sorrier for him than for myself. He did such a good job of hiding me from the AFL, that the NFL couldn't find me either!"

Why wasn't Piccolo drafted?

"I've never figured it out, but I do know there are a lot of fallacies in the pros' selection system. You'd think teams would at least go out and talk to players, instead of drafting a guy who doesn't want to play."

A favorite story about Brian's snub by the pros goes like this:

"One scout came to me afterwards and told me that on draft day, a player with a name similar to mine—if you can imagine such a thing—who came from a school similar to Wake Forest—if you'll buy that—was drafted earlier and everybody thought it was me. Some intricate scouting system, eh?"

Even his recent misfortune hasn't dimmed Brian's outlook.

"I'll never complain about the cough," he says solemnly. "It probably saved my life. My doctor told me the tumor wasn't making me cough, but it was putting pressure on the bronchial area and that caused it. It didn't have to. It just worked out that way."

"I figure that if I hadn't had the bad cough, I wouldn't have gone in for X-rays. And, since the tumor, itself, wasn't bothering me, I'd probably have finished the season playing. One month more might have been too late . . ." ▲

**JOE TORRE***continued from page 49*

. . . and I'm not saying it just because I'm in their organization. I'm saying it because they seem to care about their ball players."

Torre understands that St. Louis might care about him simply because he is a vital factor in its rebuilding plans:

"I know I'll get dropped someday, just like my brother. You have to prepare for that."

In the meantime, he tries to give his employer a dollar value for a dollar paid. It's a business deal all around.

"When I first came up, there was more fun," he contends. "When you helped win a ball game, there was no better feeling in the world. It was really a kick to go into the clubhouse and share it with 24 other players. A guy like Lou Perini was a great fan and you enjoyed winning for him. Now it's sometimes like working in a factory, with Paul Richards the foreman. That can't be any fun." ▲

**TRIPLE CROWN***continued from page 55*

just to it properly. Jack Price, the knowledgeable owner of Carry Back, felt that way and said as much after his horse was beaten in 1961, following Derby and Preakness triumphs.

"The thing that beat Carry Back in the Belmont," said Price, "is the same thing that has beaten other horses and will do so again. It seems that riders in a mile and a half race strangle their horses in the first part, instead of getting them to relax."

The chart book shows that Carry Back was seventh in the 1961 Belmont, 15 lengths behind the winning colt, Sherluck. He also came back to the barns with what looked to be a touch of lameness.

The distance of the Belmont has also hurt would-be Triple Crown colts. In 1944, Pensive had the lead at the top of the stretch, but Bounding Home blew by him in the last furlong. Northern Dancer, in 1964, backed up in the late stages after a bold challenge at the head of the stretch. Kauai King, in 1966, stop-

*continued on page 80*

# INDEPENDENT LAB TESTS SHOW GAS MILEAGE GAINS OF 10 TO 67 PERCENT!

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2. A licensee of one of America's largest rent-a-car companies installed GAS MISERS on a number

of their fleet cars. The result: "an average increase of 26% was obtained over and above previous miles per gallon of gasoline."

3. A professional driver, formerly a test driver for Ford Motor Co., ran tests on the GAS MISER at the famous Indianapolis Speedway. The result: mileage increases ranging up to 28% MORE miles per gallon—"without sacrificing engine performance."

4. A Dynamometer test was conducted at a Connecticut service station, using two luxury-class cars as test vehicles. The result: with the GAS MISER installed, a 13% increase in fuel economy for one of the cars—a 31% increase for the other!

5. But perhaps the most amazing results of all came in a test conducted by one of the most famous independent testing institutes in America. In their study, the GAS MISER actually racked up an average 67.8 percent mileage increases.

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We could quote page after page of dramatic test results showing how the GAS MISER has boosted gas mileage by as much as 67%. We could quote reams of letters from private motorists who are already enjoying the fantastic economies made possible by this "breakthrough" invention. But we know that the best proof of all will be the test YOU make with the GAS MISER right in your own car, under your own driving conditions! That's why we're inviting you to use the GAS MISER for a full 30 days—entirely at our risk. For complete details read the rest of this page.

Just think how much money you spend on gasoline . . . and then think how much of that money the GAS MISER might save you. Even if this amazing device improves your gas mileage just 10%, it can be like getting two gallons of gasoline FREE every time you "fill her up"! Or if the GAS MISER boosts your mileage by only 15% and you drive 25,000 miles per year, you'll save enough "bonus" gallons to drive all the way from New York to California!



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## TRIPLE CROWN

continued from page 78

ped to a trot after making the early pace, and wound up fourth behind late-running Amberoid.

The jury is still out on last year's disappointing favorite, Frank McMahon's Majestic Prince. The Prince, trained by Longden and ridden by bashful Bill Hartack, nailed the game Arts and Letters for photo-finish victories in the Derby and Preakness. Longden then announced his horse would pass up the Belmont because he needed a rest.

McMahon, however, needled by claims that he was ducking Arts and Letters, reversed the decision. The Prince was made a slight favorite over A&L on Belmont Day, but wound up swallowing nothing but dust. He also suffered a leg injury that kept him out of action for the rest of the year and ultimately caused his retirement.

Hartack's ride on The Prince is still being debated. Trainer Longden had told him to stay close to the pace, yet Willie took back. He made his move at the head of the stretch, but Arts and Letters, under a textbook ride by Braulio Baeza, had taken the lead after a painfully slow opening six furlongs in 1:16½. At that stage the Prince was five lengths back.

He got to within a length or so of Arts and Letters at the quarter pole, and then Baeza put his foot to the floor. A&L went flying away to win by five and a half lengths with The Prince second. McMahon was openly burning the next morning:

"The loss of the race is one thing. But I never imagined he would be beaten that way. Longden told Hartack to keep up with the pace. I expected him to be in front, not coming from far back."

Almost as fascinating as the stories of the Triple Crown winners and losers are those of the three giants of the turf who never ran in any one of the races.

Bohemia Stable's Kelso, a 1957 foal, was a three-year-old in 1960. As a juvenile, in 1959, he had started only three times, winning one race and finishing second twice. His earnings totaled a merger \$3,380.

A stifle injury kept him out of competition in 1960 until June 22, by which time all three Triple Crown events were over. He made his first start at Monmouth and won by 10 lengths. He went on to win eight of nine races that season and was "Horse of the Year."

The great gelding earned that distinction five straight times, 1960 through 1964, and was finally retired as the all-time money-winning champ of racing with \$1,977,896.

Buckpasser, a three-year-old in 1966, seemed to have the Triple Crown dead in his sights after an incredible rallying score in the Flamingo at Hialeah. The Ogden Phipps colt was all champion. 80

But he came down with a quarter crack in one hoof before the Derby and went to the sidelines.

By the time he was ready to race again, both the Derby and Preakness had been run, and Kauai King was getting set to try for a sweep in the Belmont. Trainer Eddie Neloy had Buckpasser tuned up for a sprint race and dropped him in one on the Belmont Day card at Aqueduct. Neloy didn't want to risk knocking out his great colt by sending him a mile and a half.

Buckpasser won the sprint and, later on that summer, set a new record for one mile, 1:32¾, in taking the Arlington Classic at Chicago. He won almost everything around after that, was named Horse of the Year, and was finally retired to stud after earning \$1,462,014, to make him No. 3 on the all-time list.

The Tartan Stable's Dr. Fager, trained by Johnny Nerud, was a three-year-old in 1967 and manged to escape injury. But Nerud would not put his horse in any of the Triple Crown events, although the good Dr. hung one on Damascus in the Gotham three weeks before the Derby. Damascus, a beaten favorite at Churchill Downs, went on to victories in the Preakness and Belmont.

Nerud kept silent about his reasons for not running Dr. Fager. But most racing people thought that he considered the horse, a high-headed handful, poorly suited for long distances. Dr. Fager ultimately won several races at the Derby distance of a mile and quarter, was voted Horse of the Year in 1968, and broke Buckpasser's mile record by sizzling eight furlongs in 1:32½ in the 1968 Washington Park Handicap at Arlington. He also made the millionaire's club, becoming the ninth to do so, with a total of \$1,002,642.

Chances are, as Jimmy Jones says, there will be another Triple Crown champion. But he'll need to have a lot of things going for him . . . class, speed, stamina, luck, a good rider, a good trainer, a break in track conditions and, most important, a couple of tons of thoroughbred heart. ▲

## CHARLEY FINLEY

continued from page 60

on here and I think they will. It's good for the area because you have baseball every day."

So with his dreams of big money gone, Finley has set to work. His season-ticket pitch is a case in point. Nobody really buys season tickets. Some companies purchase them and write them off their income tax returns as a business expense. But it's virtually impossible to get Joe Fan to pop for \$269.50 per season ducat.

Finley figures, however, there might be a way to get more business interested, especially the smaller ones that never considered buying season tickets because of all the ones that would go unused. At

least he thinks it's worth a try. His plan works like this:

For every day you can't go to the game, you can go another day and get another ticket. Show up one day with 50 unused tickets and 50 friends, and the Athletics will work it so that you all get in. Of course, if the game is a sellout it might cause some headaches, but so far the A's haven't had that problem much.

Anyhow, it is an idea and Finley says, "We're confident that it will be accepted enthusiastically by the fans."

Whatever happens, it won't be because they don't know about it. Finley mailed out a brochure on the season-ticket plan to every chamber of commerce within a 25-mile radius of Oakland—a total, he says, of some 17,000 mailings.

In addition, he promises a green Athletics' warm-up jacket to everyone who buys a season ticket, and an option on playoff or World Series tickets if the A's qualify for either of those events. And what of businessmen who are selling the season tickets? Well, if a five-man "team" sells 75 of them, the group gets a season seat of its own in a specially designated section of the ball park.

Finley treated the hiring of Caray as another major promotion, saying, "We looked at Harry Caray the same way we looked at player deals we needed to make. We went out and made those deals, and we went out and got Harry Caray."

The deals Finley mentions will have a decided effect on his team's success in 1970. When the A's were still in Kansas City and Alvin Dark was their manager, he told Finley that the young talent on the club would soon make it a contender for a decade.

The owner went along with the youth movement and, last season, Dark was nearly made a prophet. But now Charley O. seems to have gotten tired of waiting. He spent much of the winter trading off his youngsters for veterans who, while proven performers, don't have that many more years left.

Danny Cater, the old man of the club at 30, is gone and Don Mincher, 32, replaces him at first base. Jim Nash, 25, and Lew Krausse, 27, are gone from the mound corps and Al Downing, 29, Diego Segui, 32, and Mudcat Grant, 34, have been added.

Reggie Jackson and Rick Monday still head up the outfield, of course, but the third starter figures to be Felipe Alou, 35, acquired from Atlanta during the off-season. Another newcomer is well-traveled shortstop Ray Oyler, 31.

Clearly, Finley has taken a calculated risk. If Oakland doesn't win this year, he may have some more apologizing to do. The question is, will anybody be listening to him? ▲



## ARTHUR ASHE

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powerhouse from Pasadena, Cal., and a fellow member of the Davis Cup team.

Smith beat him in the National Indoor Championships held at Salisbury, Md., scored twice over him in head-to-head encounters on the Australian circuit and won over him again at Orange, N.J. Furthermore, Smith took away his U.S. title (not the Open).

Ashe, who is at his best in the big tournaments, managed to gain the semifinals both at Wimbledon and in the U.S. Open at Forest Hills, but bowed each time to Australia's Rod Laver, the eventual winner.

At the end of the year, the ranking committee of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association dropped Arthur from No. 1 to No. 3, behind both Smith and Texan Cliff Richey. His pride was assuaged very little when the U.S.L.T.A. convention, being held in Arizona, revised the rankings to put Ashe second, just ahead of Richey.

Ashe is not bitter over loss of his No. 1 national standing because he is aware that Stan Smith earned it. However, he is intent on regaining his lost tennis stature this year.

Arthur is strictly a grass or hard court player and suffers on clay surfaces. His game thrives on the speed and quick bounce of turf and concrete play, where a big serve and volley can be employed to full effectiveness.

"I will just have to practice more on clay and get my game in better shape," he says. "I'm not worried about the surface as much as I am about my attitude and concentration. If I am to win the big ones, I must apply myself all the way. That's really been my greatest mistake in the past."

Ashe came up the hard way. Born July 10, 1943, in a middle-class neighborhood in Richmond, Va., he is the son of a policeman connected with the city's playgrounds. As a youngster, Arthur was allowed in the parks, but was barred from the white playgrounds. He found his recreation at Brook Field, where all of his playmates were black.

Too frail for football and most team sports, he took up tennis and soon displayed a natural aptitude with a racket. He attracted the notice of Ronald Charity, a Richmond playground director, who recommended him to Dr. R.W. Johnson of Lynchburg.

Doctor Johnson was a well-to-do Negro physician who played and loved tennis. He built a court on the lawn of his home, and invited promising Negro players for instruction and practice. One of his proteges was Althea Gibson, who came off the sidewalks of New York to become the best woman player in the world.

Arthur's progress was swift. By the time he was 14, he was competing in

junior tournaments around the country. He won the National Junior Indoor title in 1960 and 1961. Just out of high school, he gained his first national ranking—28th—in 1961 and earned a tennis scholarship to UCLA.

Doctor Johnson is reported to have spent \$2,500 giving Arthur his start. Ashe never forgot it, and now his principal interest is in seeing that other black youngster get the same chance.

"Unless he has a benefactor, as I did, it's impossible for a black kid to make good in tennis," he says. "First off, he has to have a racket that costs around \$40. How many Negroes can afford that? Most of the clubs are closed to him. He can't get proper instruction. It is very tough, indeed."

Despite the pressures of a big-time tennis campaign, business interests that include an executive position with an insurance agency, connections with Philip-Morris cigarettes and U. S. Banknote Company, and advisory posts with Head Skis (they make his rackets) and Catalina men's wear, he is very active in Whitney Young's Urban League.

Ashe was once asked why he had not joined militant groups such as those headed by Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown.

"For one thing, I haven't been asked," he replied. "This is a very personal thing. It's not that I don't agree with their aims. I do. I simply have my own ideas about the methods."

"There is a place in the black movement for all of us. You don't need too many of these men—men like Carmichael and Brown—but you do need two or three just to keep everybody honest."

Arthur's social consciousness has been spurred in the years since he was graduated from UCLA.

"At one time I never thought about it, I never looked back," he admits. "I think it was a fault of mine in the past. Now I know I have to look back. Everybody is conscious of black power, white power, purple power."

"I am black. I have to recognize that. My people are black. They are in need. As a black athlete, I am more or less mandated. I have a definite responsibility to my race."

Even with this deep-seated need to become involved, Arthur does not wear his feelings on his sleeve. However, being bright, articulate and concerned, he refuses to be muted on main issues—

whether they concern social status or tennis affairs.

That's when the sparks fly.

For years, Ashe has been battling to play tennis in South Africa, a country whose apartheid policies do not permit a mixing of the races. While tennis authorities there have expressed some willingness, the South African government has steadfastly refused to grant a visa.

Earlier this year, he renewed his bid to play in the South African Championships, promising in a formal note that he would refrain from political interviews and comments during his entire stay in the country.

"I want to play there. I think it would be good for the cause. I don't want to kick up a storm," he declared.

The South African government again said "no." In February, Arthur was called before a sub-committee of the House of Representatives to air his views.

"My initial gut reaction is to keep all the athletes from South Africa out of this country," he told the Congressmen. "But on further reflection, my moral reaction is that the United States should not stoop to their level. If we should do that, it would give a certain legitimacy to apartheid. And two wrongs don't ever make a right."

Ashe feels that the Justice Department is violating the principles of social justice in its concerted drive against the Black Panthers.

"I will grant that the Panthers jar everybody a bit with their physical presence," he says. "They call people names and their dress is frightening. But they should be accorded due process of the law. I am bothered by the present attitude on law enforcement."

As for tennis, he believes the game made giant strides when it legalized open tournaments, thus making it possible for professionals and amateurs to compete against each other.

"There really weren't any amateurs among big-time players," he insists. "It was a form of hypocrisy. And now that we have open tennis, we still have problems. The promoters and associations are fighting for power."

"I think this is senseless. I am opposed to guarantees—purses being put up so that every player is guaranteed a return, regardless of whether he wins or loses. That way, 50 top players may benefit. But what incentive or goal is there for youngsters? Furthermore, I think it would encourage players to get lazy and not try as hard."

"My feeling is that all the money should be put into a big pot and the players allowed to fight for it, with no guarantees. The pros could have their private tournaments; the associations could have their events. But in the Opens, let it be dog-eat-dog. That way, the public would know that the game is completely and totally honest."

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## HE ANSWERED A WEIDER AD—GAINED 3 INCHES ON HIS ARMS — 4 INCHES ON HIS CHEST—IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO!

You, too—just like Dave Draper—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions this champ did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can begin to slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, muscularize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your entire body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable.

I don't care if, today you own the skinniest, flabbiest or most laughed at body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send for my FREE 32-page booklet of muscle building information, I guarantee that you will experience a muscle building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles start bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did other champions—who were also weaklings—to put

an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for free information—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man-Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to Dave Draper and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. Americas" and "Mr. Universes" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time.

### ABSOLUTELY FREE! MUSCLE-BUILDING INFORMATION ON HOW TO BUILD A HANDSOME BODY!



**JOE WEIDER**  
Personal trainer of  
"Mr. America" "Mr.  
Universe" "Mr.  
Canada" perfect men  
title winners since  
1936 — and over  
2,000,000 successful  
pupils the world  
over!

**JOE WEIDER, Dept. 241-70V**  
Trainer of Champions since 1936  
531-32nd Street, Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I agree, that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man! Rush me your free muscle-building information that I can use right now at home to build a handsome body. I have checked the gains I want to make. I'm enclosing .25¢ to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print clearly)

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE 32 PAGE COURSE!

**NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!**



Here's the kind of body I want (Check as many as you wish).

- ☐ Bigger arms
- ☐ Larger Chest
- ☐ Broader Shoulders
- ☐ Athletic Legs
- ☐ More Weight
- ☐ Lose Weight
- ☐ Magnetic Personality

**ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

